

INVADER ZIM



TM

BEST OF

WORLD DOMINATION

INVADER ZIM™

BEST OF WORLD
DOMINATION

Created by
JHONEN VASQUEZ



INVADER ZIM™

BEST OF WORLD DOMINATION

Control Brain

JHONEN VASQUEZ

STAR DONKEY

Written by ERIC TRUEHEART • Pencilled by AARON ALEXOVICH • Inked by MEGAN LAWTON
Colored by RIKKI SIMONS and J.R. GOLDBERG • Lettered by WARREN WUCINICH

PANTS!

Written by ERIC TRUEHEART • Thumbnailled by AARON ALEXOVICH
Illustrated by DAVE CROSLAND • Colored and lettered by WARREN WUCINICH

BURRITO KING

Written by ERIC TRUEHEART • Illustrated and lettered by WARREN WUCINICH
Colored by FRED C. STRESING

FLOOPSY BLOOPS SHMOOPSY

Written by JHONEN VASQUEZ • Illustrated and lettered by WARREN WUCINICH
Colored by FRED C. STRESING

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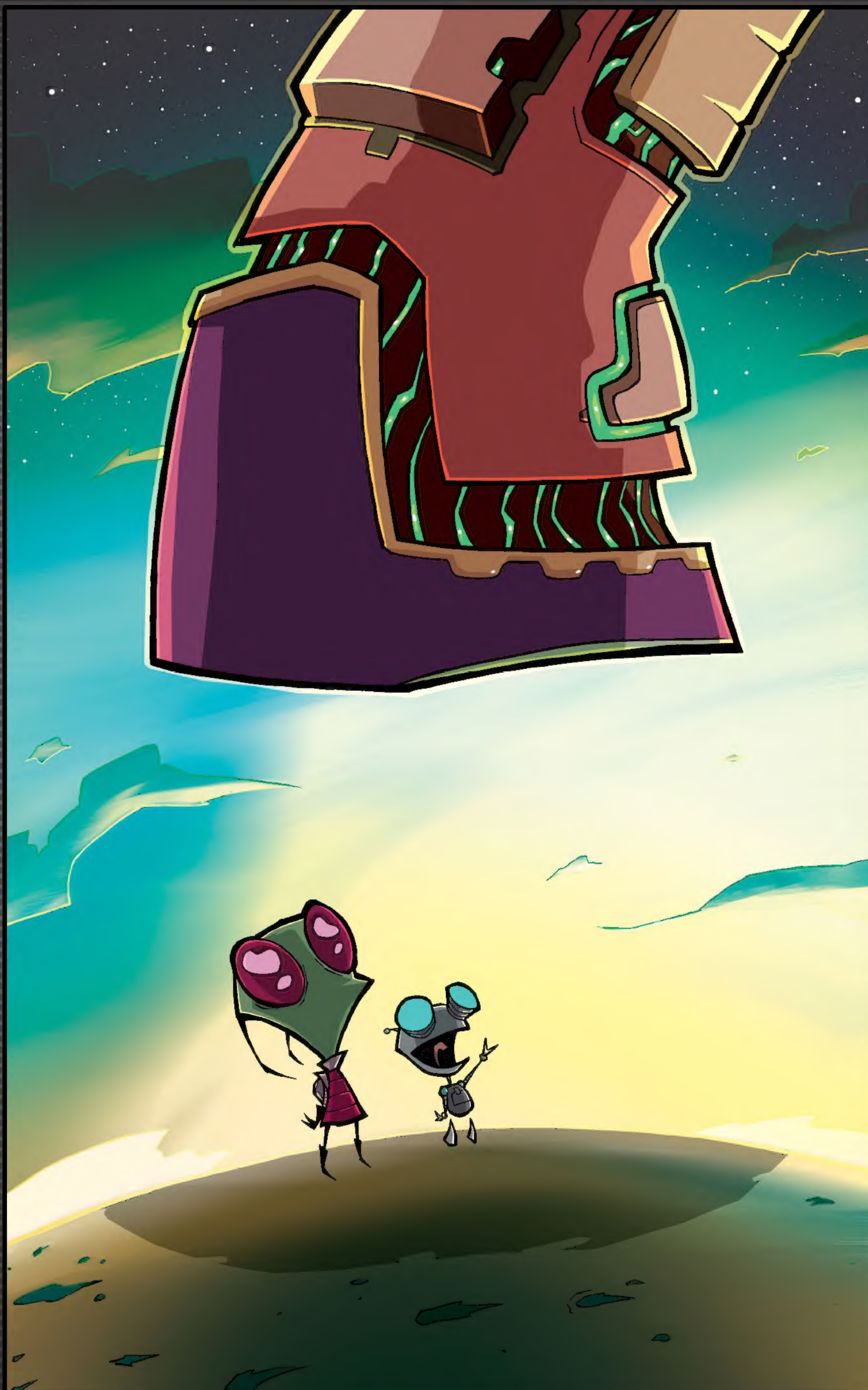
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nickelodeon

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CHAPTER: 1

illustration by **Aaron Alexovich** with **Rikki Simons**

Last issue of Invader ZIM, uh, Dib chased ZIM to a big thing in space and then, and then ZIM showed video of Dib looking stupid all over the galaxy and Dib cried and, addand-

RECAP
KID



PLANET HORKUS 6.
POPULATION: ZERO.
MOOD: DESTROYED.

INTERESTING...
INTERESTING...





FASCINATING.

THESE
ANCIENT HORKANS
SEEMED TO HAVE
POSSESSED ADVANCED
TECHNOLOGY...
BUT WERE TOO
DUMB TO WRITE
WITH WORDS.

GIR,
TRANSLATE THESE
MARKINGS FOR
ME.

"AND DID
THE SIX TEMPLES
OPEN THE PORTAL IN THE
SKY. AND THROUGH
IT CAME..."

HMMM...
MHMMM.

"...MANY CHUBBY
HOT DOG BABIES, AND
OH HOW THEY DANCED. THEY
FLEW UP INTO THE CLOUDS AND
IT RAINED HOT WEENIE-WATER
UNTO THE—"

GIR!
TRANSLATE
IN NON-INSANE
MODE!

M'OKAY.

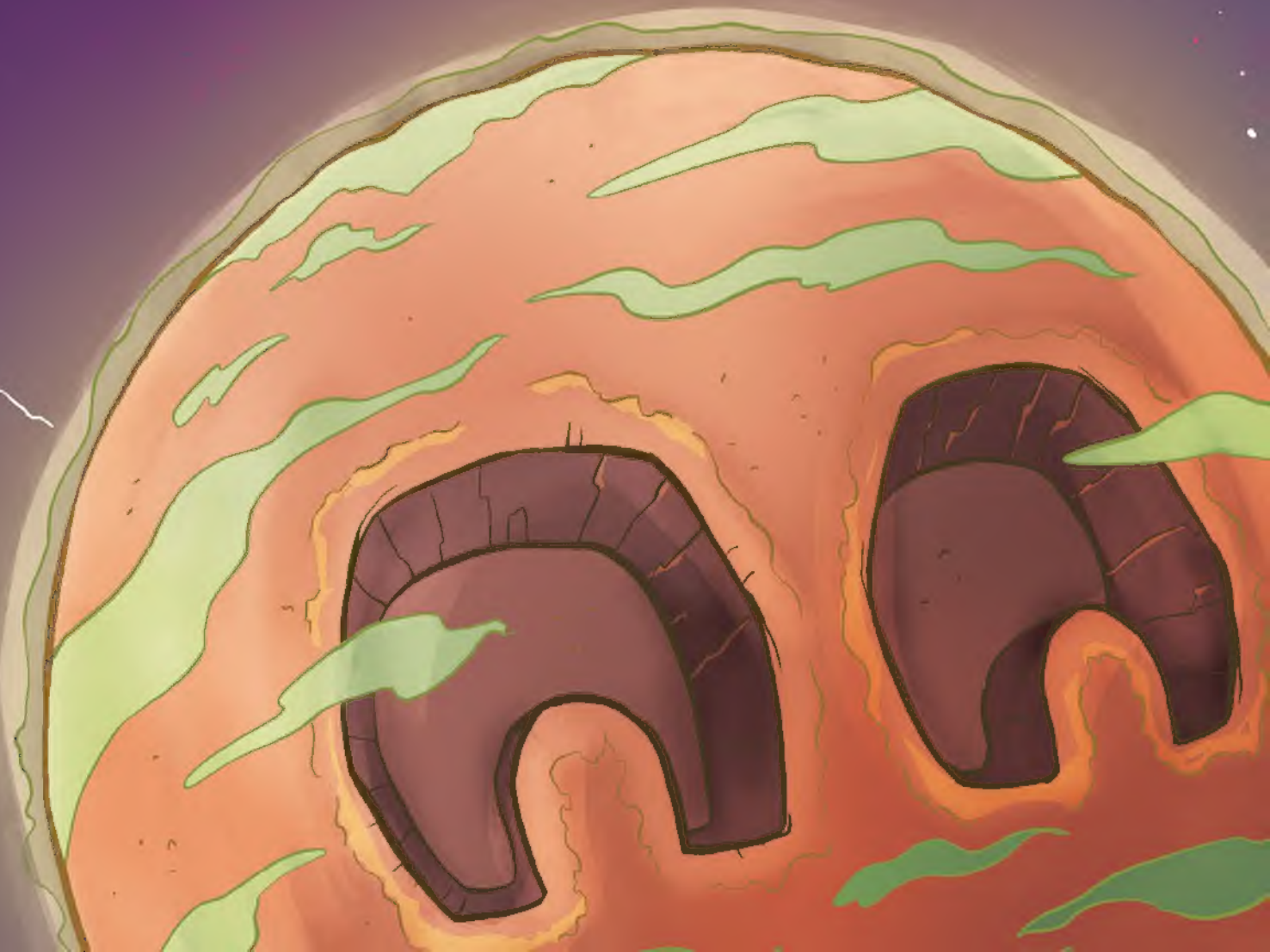
"AND THROUGH
THE PORTAL CAME THE
FOUR-LEGGED KICKER OF LIFE.
THE SPACE-CLEANSING
NIGHTMARE MULE, THE
COSMIC HORROR THEY
CALLED..."



"THE
STAR DONKEY!"

THIS IS IT, GIR!
THESE OLD HORKANS WERE
REALLY ONTO SOMETHING! I WONDER
WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

EH.
IT'S A MYSTERY,
I GUESS.



WEEKS LATER.

THE MEMBRANE RESIDENCE.
HOME OF DIB, WORLD'S GREATEST PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR.*

**This is solely the opinion of Dib himself, and has never been validated by independent sources or anyone who isn't Dib.*

THAT'S RIGHT, BIGFEETS! KEEP POSTING SELFIES! THEY'LL ONLY LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO YOUR LAIR!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE BIGFEETS ALONE, DIB? HE'S A COOL GUY.

SINCE WHEN ARE YOU AN EXPERT ON BIGFEETS? I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING HIM FOR—

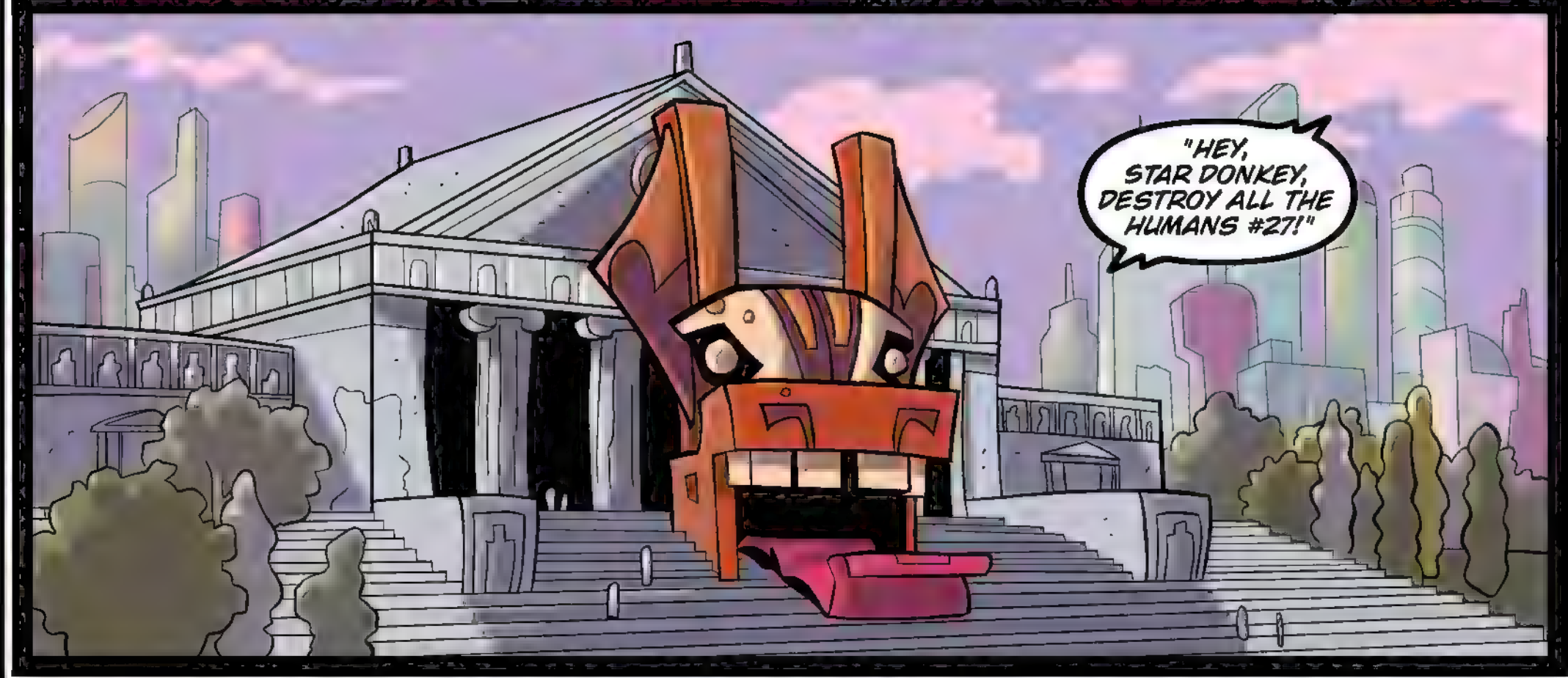
SCROLL DOWN.

WHAT THE?!

BUHH...
WHAT THE?! I'M DIB AND I SAY,
"WHAT THE?!"
DUUUUUUUuh.

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ME AT ALL AND WHY DID YOU COME IN HERE?

OH YEAH, I THOUGHT YOU'D WANNA KNOW ZIM'S ON THE NEWS RIGHT NOW.





WHAT...
IS HE UP
TO?



OH, DAVID,
YOUR ASSUMPTIONS
ARE SO-WHAT'S THE
WORD-BEGOODIOUS.

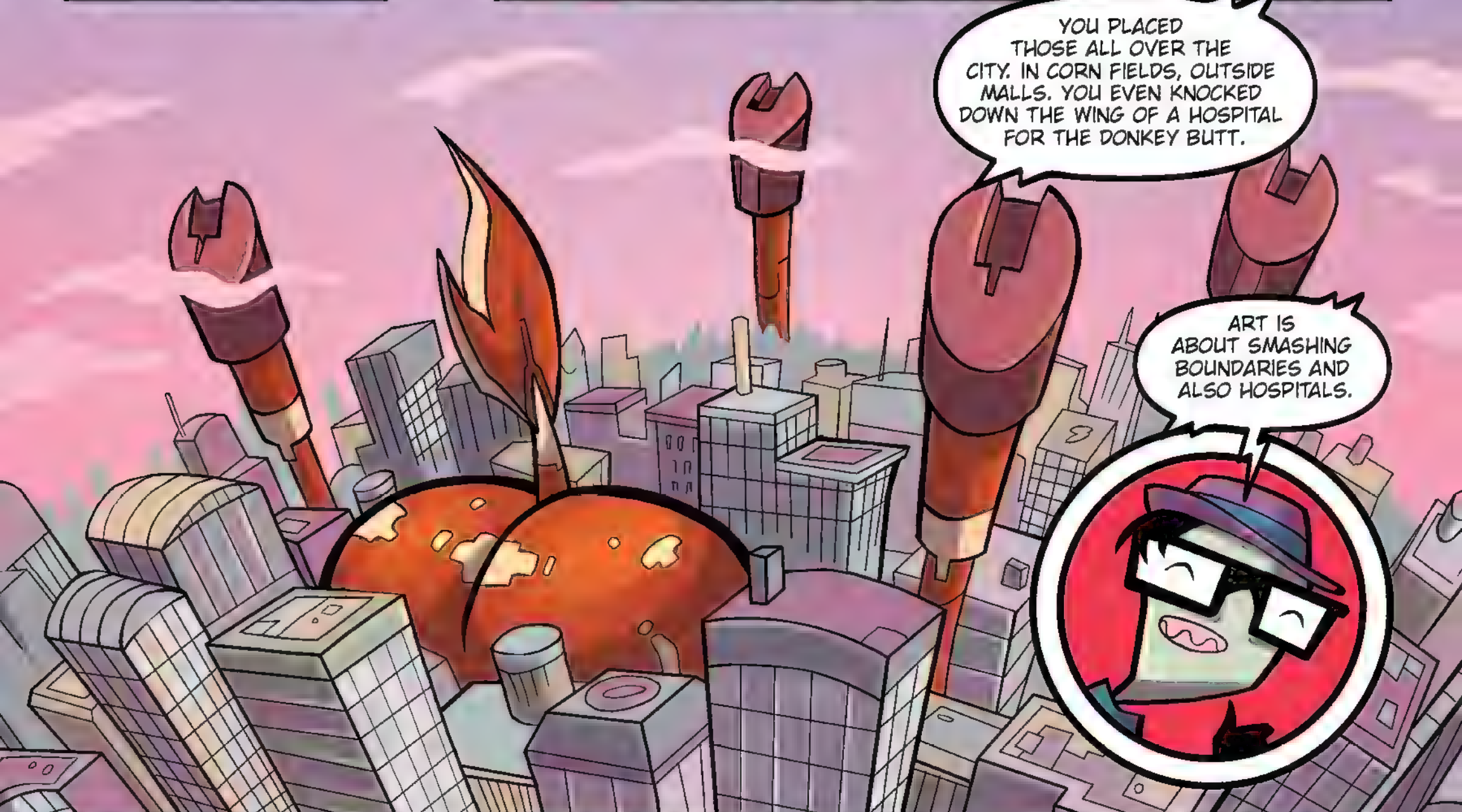
BECAUSE
THERE HAVE BEEN
TWENTY-SIX OTHER
STAR DONKEY
INSTALLATIONS?

THAT'S
NOT A WORD.



**DO NOT
CENSOR MY ART!**
ANYHOW,
THIS IS THE **SIXTH**
OF MY STAR DONKEY
SERIES. TO BIND
MYSELF TO SO-CALLED
"NUMBERS" WOULD BE
FLAPDOODIOUS.

THAT'S
NOT A WORD, EITHER.
OH, I GET IT... YOU ARE
AN ARTIST!



YOU PLACED
THOSE ALL OVER THE
CITY. IN CORN FIELDS, OUTSIDE
MALLS. YOU EVEN KNOCKED
DOWN THE WING OF A HOSPITAL
FOR THE DONKEY BUTT.

ART IS
ABOUT SMASHING
BOUNDARIES AND
ALSO HOSPITALS.



THERE'S NO
WAY ZIM'S INTO ART
NOW. HE'S HIDING
SOMETHING.



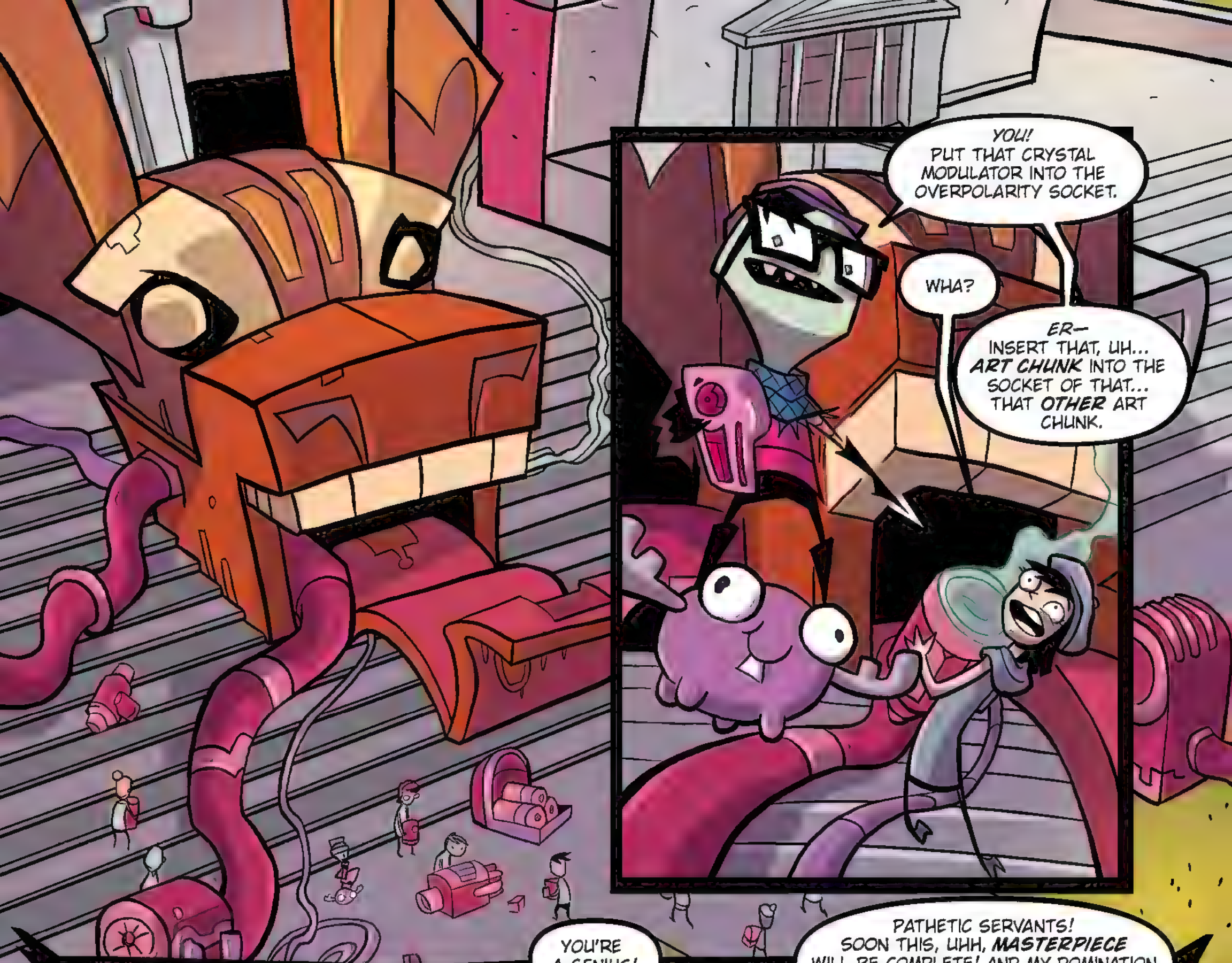
AND YOU'VE
CHOSEN TO BUILD THIS
LAST INSTALLATION AT THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL
HISTORY MUSEUM.

YES! IT IS
A TESTAMENT TO
EVERYTHING MY ART
STANDS FOR!



AND WHAT
DOES YOUR ART
STAND FOR?





YOU!
PUT THAT CRYSTAL
MODULATOR INTO THE
OVERPOLARITY SOCKET.

WHA?

ER—
INSERT THAT, UH...
ART CHUNK INTO THE
SOCKET OF THAT...
THAT **OTHER ART**
CHUNK.

YOU'RE
A GENIUS!

PATHETIC SERVANTS!
SOON THIS, UHH, **MASTERPIECE**
WILL BE COMPLETE! AND MY DOMINATION
OF ALL LIFE ON THIS PLANET
WILL COMMENCE!



THAT IS SO
BRILLIANT!

WHAT AN
ARTIST!

HE'S
COMMENTING ON THE
LITTER BANALITY OF
COMMENTING!

I
HAVE A
BEARD!

COMPELLING!

YOU!
INTERN-MONKEY! WHY
ARE YOU CARRYING THAT
PIECE OF MY BRILLIANT
ART OUT OF THE
INSTALLATION?

UM...
TO STOP YOUR
EVIL PLAN?
I MEAN—

WAAAAITAMINUTE.

DIB!!

I FIGURED IT
WAS ONLY A MATTER
OF TIME BEFORE YOU
SHOWED UP TO CRITICIZE
MY WORK!

BOOOOOO!

YOU'VE
FOOLED THESE
PEOPLE, ZIM, BUT
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!
I KNOW YOU'RE OUT
TO DESTROY THE
EARTH!

BOOOOOO!

BOOOOOO!

BOOOOOO!

YES... DESTROY
THE EARTH... WITH
MY BOLD POINT
OF VIEW!

YEAHHHH!

YEAHHHH!

WHAT DO
WE DO WITH
ART HATERS?

ART
HATER'S
CLOSET!

ART
HATER'S
CLOSET!

WHAT'S THE
ART HATER'S
CLOSET?

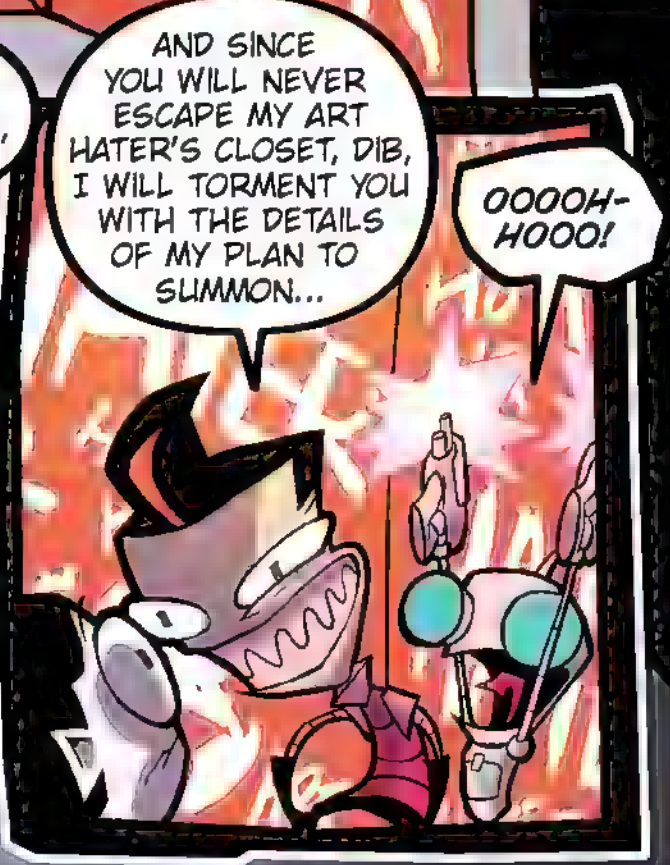
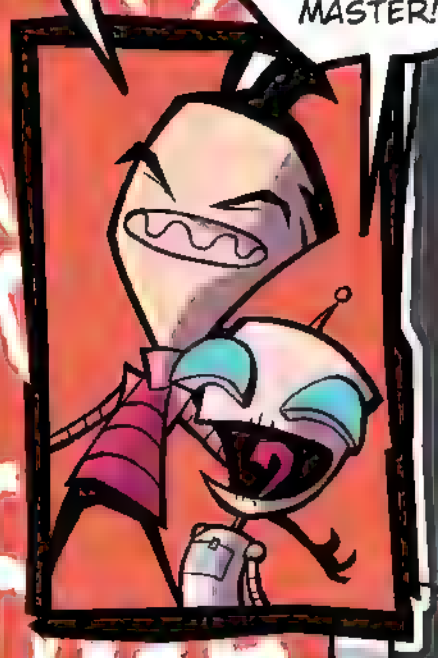
BUT, I...
UH... I DON'T HATE
YOU! I JUST WANT TO
UNDERSTAND YOUR
GENIUS AND...

NOPE.
I CAN'T DO THIS.
I DO HATE YOU.

THE ART
HATER'S CLOSET!
WHERE ALL ART
HATERS GO!

THEN THE ART
HATER'S CLOSET FOR
YOU! GIR! GUARD THE
HUMAN WITH YOUR EVERY
LAST CIRCUIT!

YES, MY
MASTER!



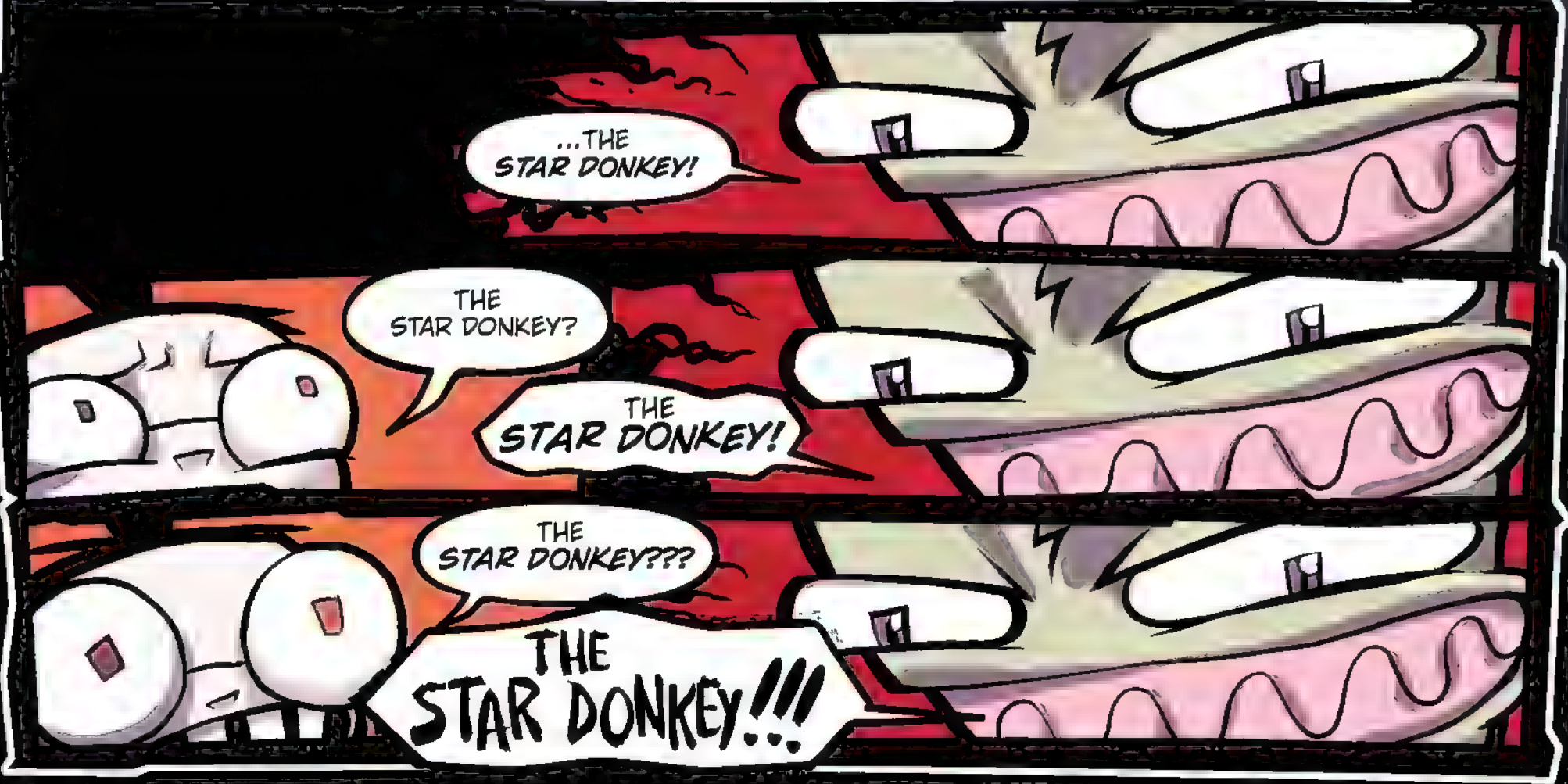
...THE
STAR DONKEY!

THE
STAR DONKEY?

THE
STAR DONKEY!

THE
STAR DONKEY???

THE
STAR DONKEY!!!



LEGEND HAS IT
HE EXISTS IN A DIMENSION
OF PURE MULISHNESS. PURE
DONKIOSITY BEYOND THE
REACH OF NORMAL
COMPREHENSION.

IS
"DONKIOSITY" A
REAL THING?

YOUR PUNY
BRAIN CANNOT
UNDERSTAND!

STAR DONKEY
EXISTS IN LEGENDS
THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.
SOME SAY EARTH DONKEYS
ARE MERELY MANIFESTATIONS OF
ITS PRIMORDIAL DONKISHNESS.
RIPPLES IN SPACE AND
TIME, THAT—

SERIOUSLY,
THIS MAKES NO
SENSE.

SHUT
YOUR FACE
BUTT!

THE POINT IS,
DIB, I HAVE DISCOVERED
THE SECRET OF SUMMONING
THE STAR DONKEY, AND WITH
THIS FINAL INSTALLATION, I SHALL
BRING IT TO EARTH, AND
SHALL USE IT TO...
**KICK ALL LIFE OFF
THE PLANET!**

SERIOUSLY?

YES.

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

AND WHEN
THIS INSTALLATION
IS COMPLETE, I WILL
STEAL THE GREAT
CRYSTAL SUGAR
CUBE OF—

KNOCK
KNOCK!

MR. SHMINVADER
SHMIM? YOUR HONORARY
BANQUET IS IN TEN
MINUTES.

THE
GREAT CRYSTAL
WHAT CUBE—?

OF COURSE!
GIR, GUARD THE
HUMAN! IF HE MOVES...
DESTROY HIM!

YES, MY
MASTER!

COME ALONG,
MINIMOOSE! MY
BANQUET AWAITS!

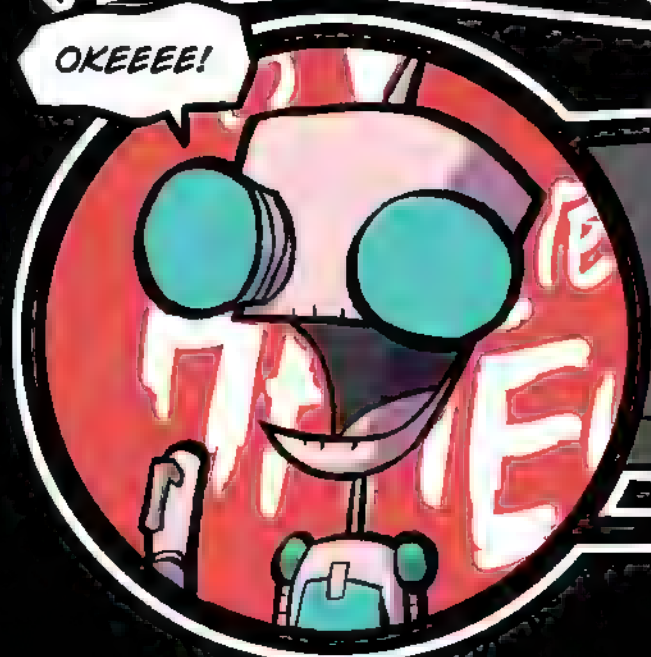
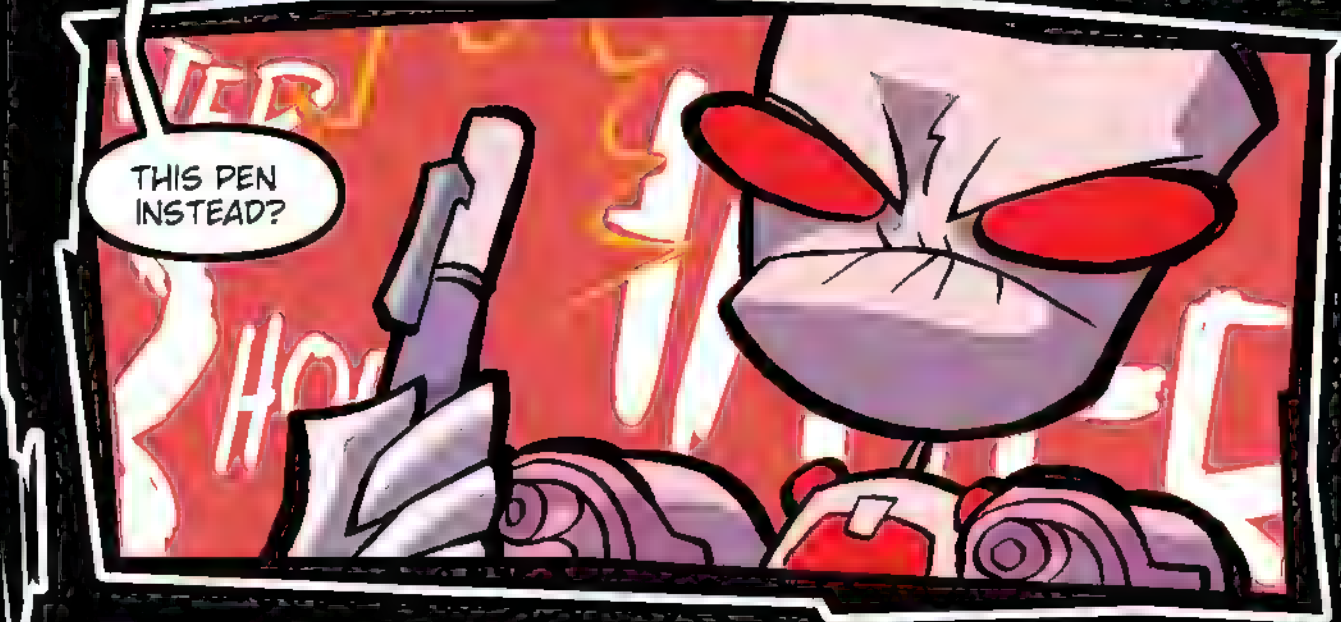
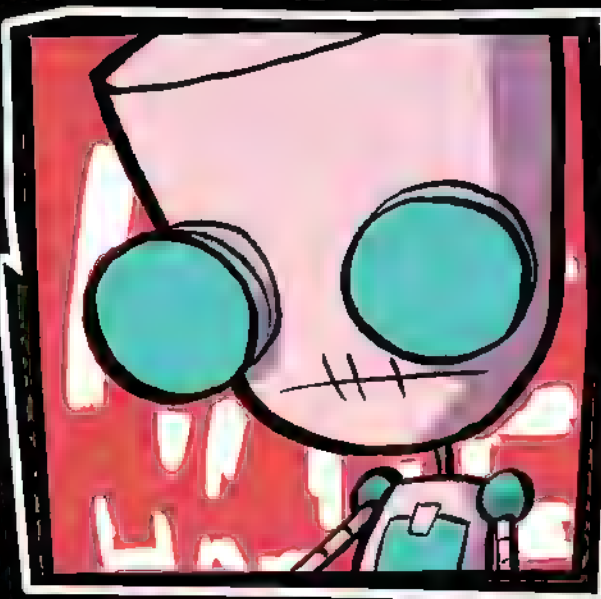
DON'T DO IT,
ZIM! THIS PLAN IS
INSANE-SOUNDING EVEN
FOR YOU! THERE'S NO WAY
YOU CAN CONTROL THAT
KIND OF POWER!
ZIIIIIIIMMM!!!

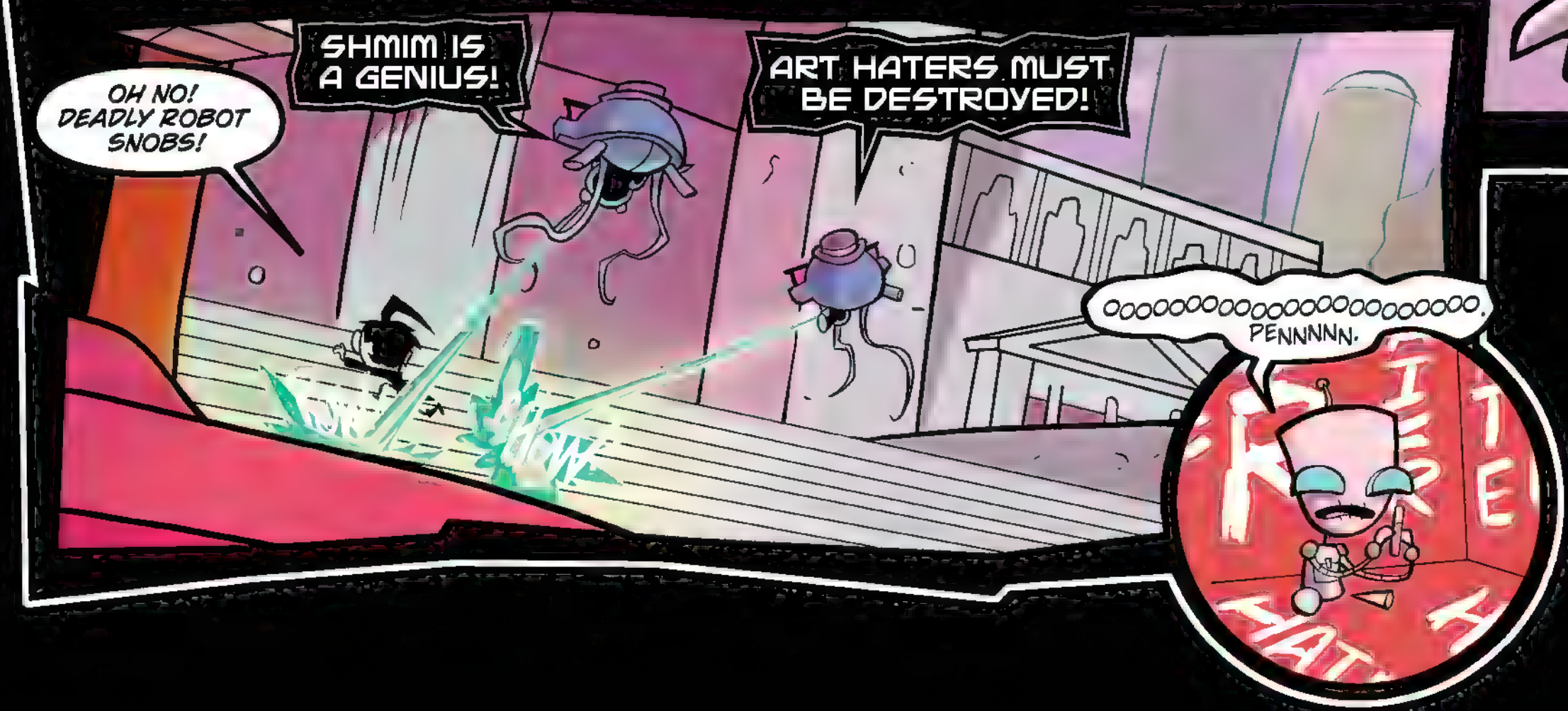
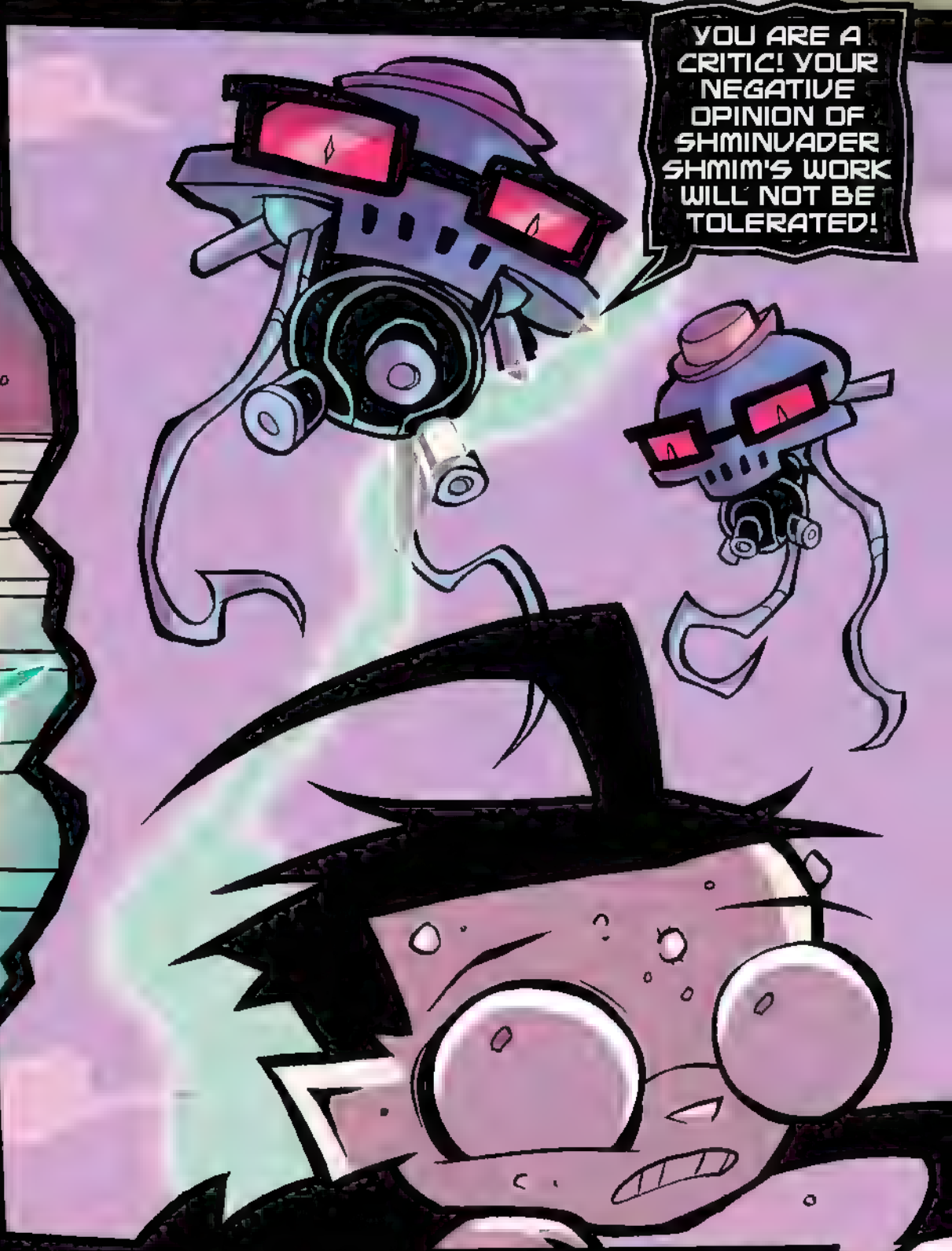
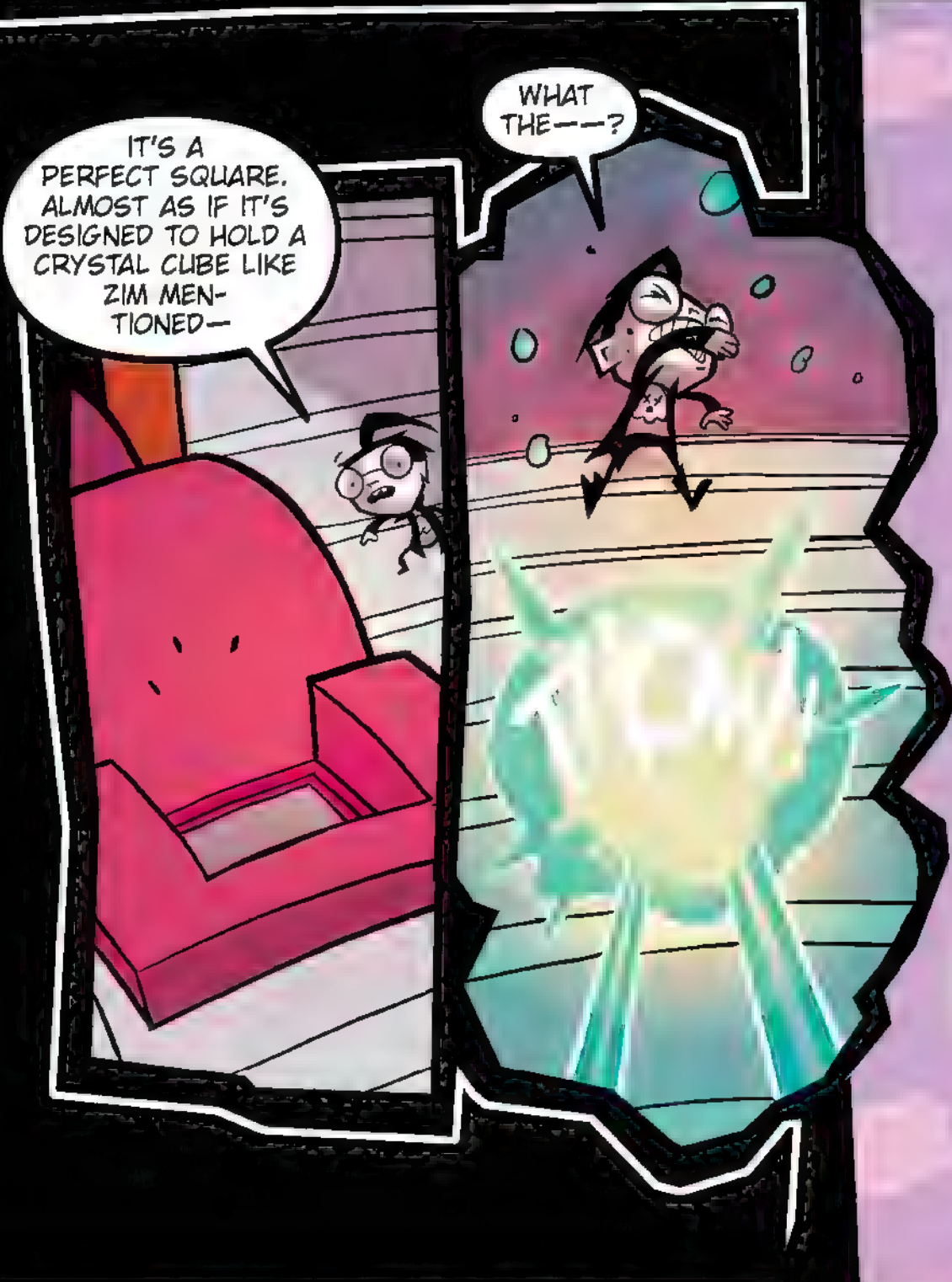
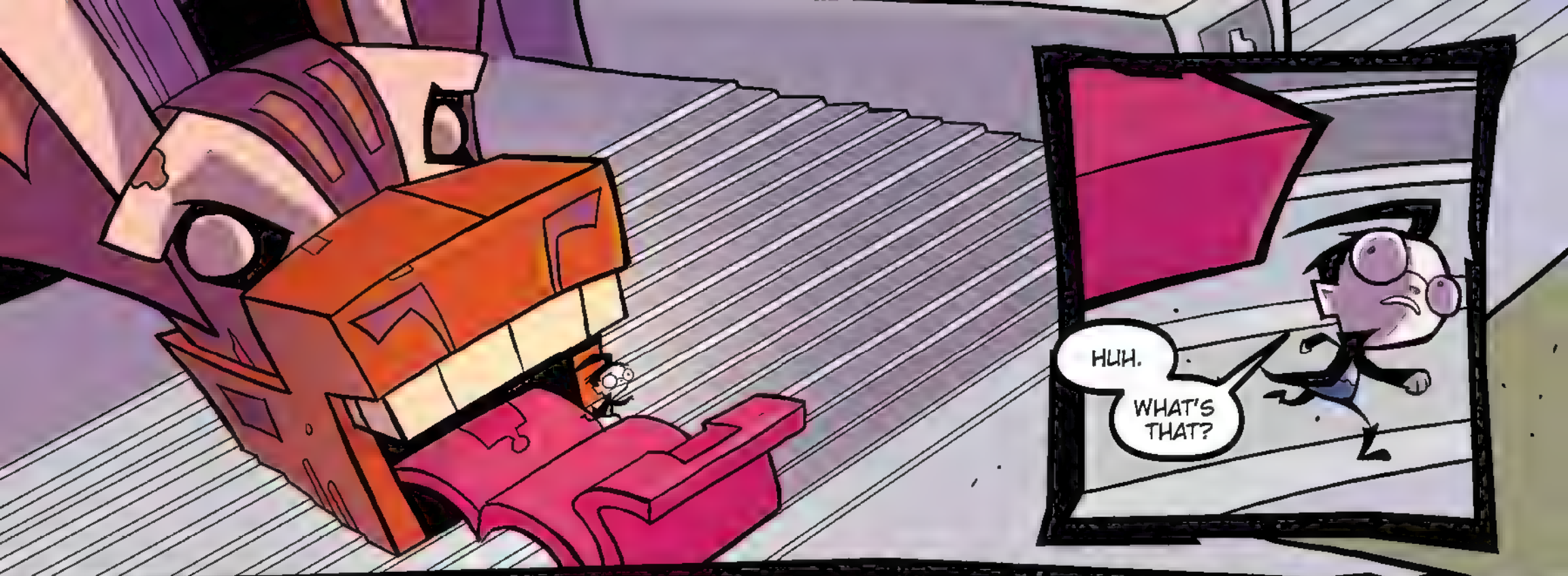
YAAAAAY!
SADNESSSSSS!!

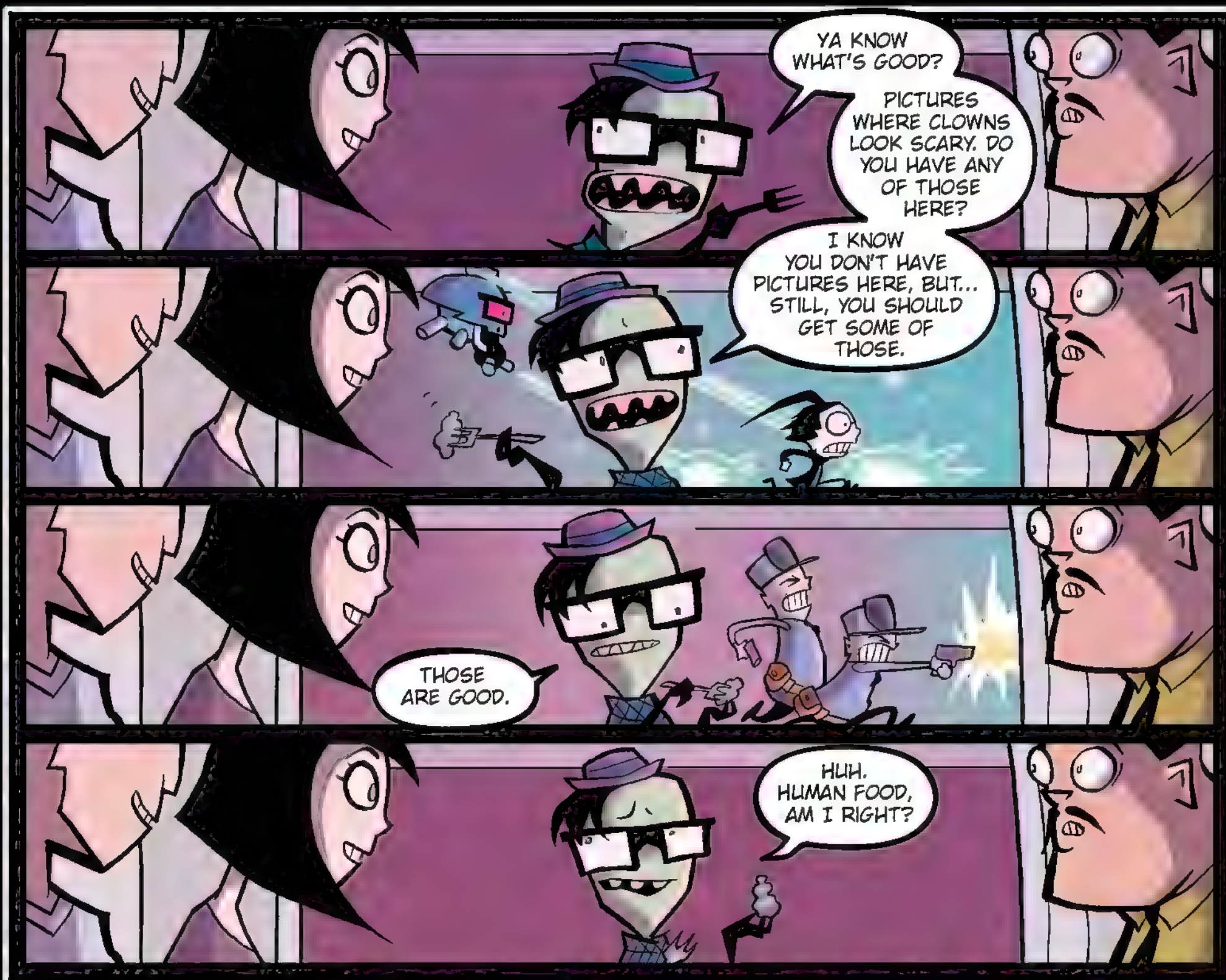
MUSEUM OF
NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

WE ARE SO
HONORED, SHMINVADER
SHMIM, TO HAVE YOU AS
OUR GUEST AT THE MUSEUM
OF NATURAL HISTORY
MUSEUM BANQUET.









"FOUND IN A CRATER IN THE MAYRLIVIAN JUNGLES, THE CRYSTAL WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE FALLEN FROM SPACE FROM A WORMHOLE LIGHT-YEARS AWAY."

HUH. HOW INTERESTING. YOU KNOW, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU CAN LEARN SOMETHING EVERY DAY IF YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND YOUR MIND—



HUH. HOW INTERESTING. YOU KNOW, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU CAN LEARN SOMETHING EVERY DAY IF YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND YOUR MIND—

YOU
ERY
ES

BOOM!

BRNNNNNNNNNNNGGG!!

HUH?
OH YEAH! WITH ALL
THIS CHATTING ABOUT FOOD

HUH?

OH YEAH! WITH ALL THIS CHATTING ABOUT FOOD AND CLOWNS, I TOTALLY FORGOT I WAS HERE TO STEAL THE CRYSTAL AND DESTROY ALL LIFE ON EARTH!

EXCUSE ME!

EXCUSE ME!

SUCH A GENIUS!

DIB!



YOUR CRITICISM
OF MY WORK HAS
FAILED TO STOP
MY PLAN!

YOU'RE MEDDLING
WITH FORCES YOU CAN'T
CONTROL, ZIM! AND YOUR
WORK'S A TOTAL RIP-OFF OF
SOME BURRO COMICS I
SAW FIVE YEARS AGO!

HE WEARS HIS
INFLUENCES ON
HIS SLEEVE.

IS THAT
TRUE?

IT IS?

I AM
COMPLETELY
ORIGINAL!

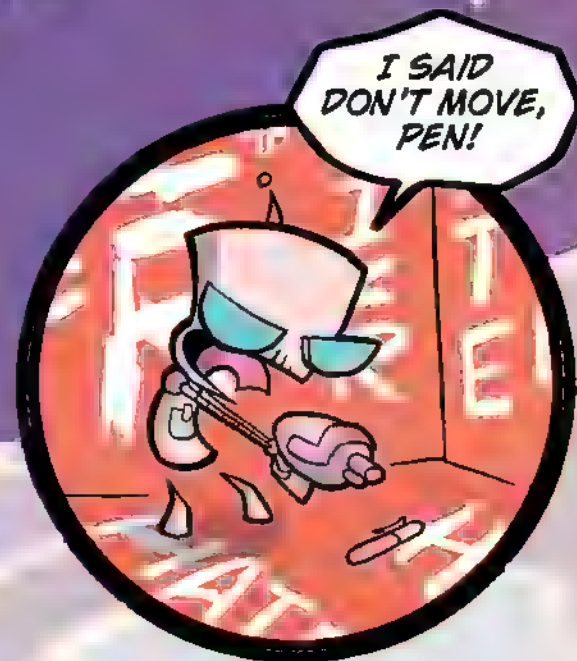
BUT RIP-OFF
OR NOT, IT IS TOO
LATE! YOU ARE
POWERLESS TO
STOP THE COMING
OF...

THE
STAR DONKEY!

THIS CRYSTAL
WILL FOCUS THE POWER
OF MY INSTALLATIONS TO
OPEN A GATEWAY TO
THE DONKEY-STAR
DIMENSION!

NO, ZIM!
DON'T UNLEASH STAR
DONKEY! YOU'LL DESTROY
US ALL! YOU'LL DESTROY
YOURSELF!







STAAAR
DONKEEEEEEEEEYYYYY!



YES!
COME, MY DARK
DONKEY SERVANT!
KICK ALL LIFE OFF
THIS PLANET.

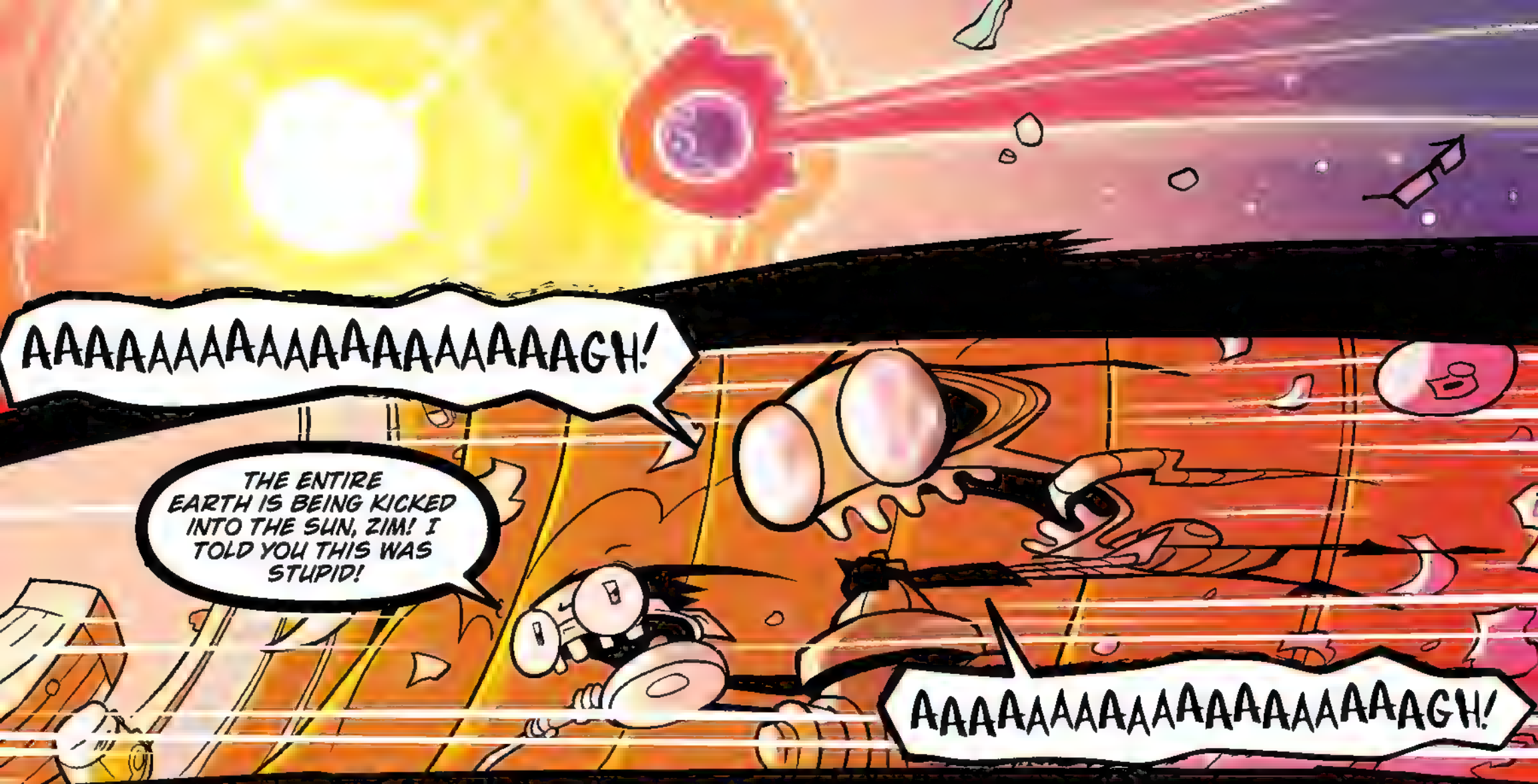


WITH ALL
HUMAN LIFE REMOVED,
THE EARTH WILL BE A
FINE PRIZE FOR THE
IRKEN EMPIRE!



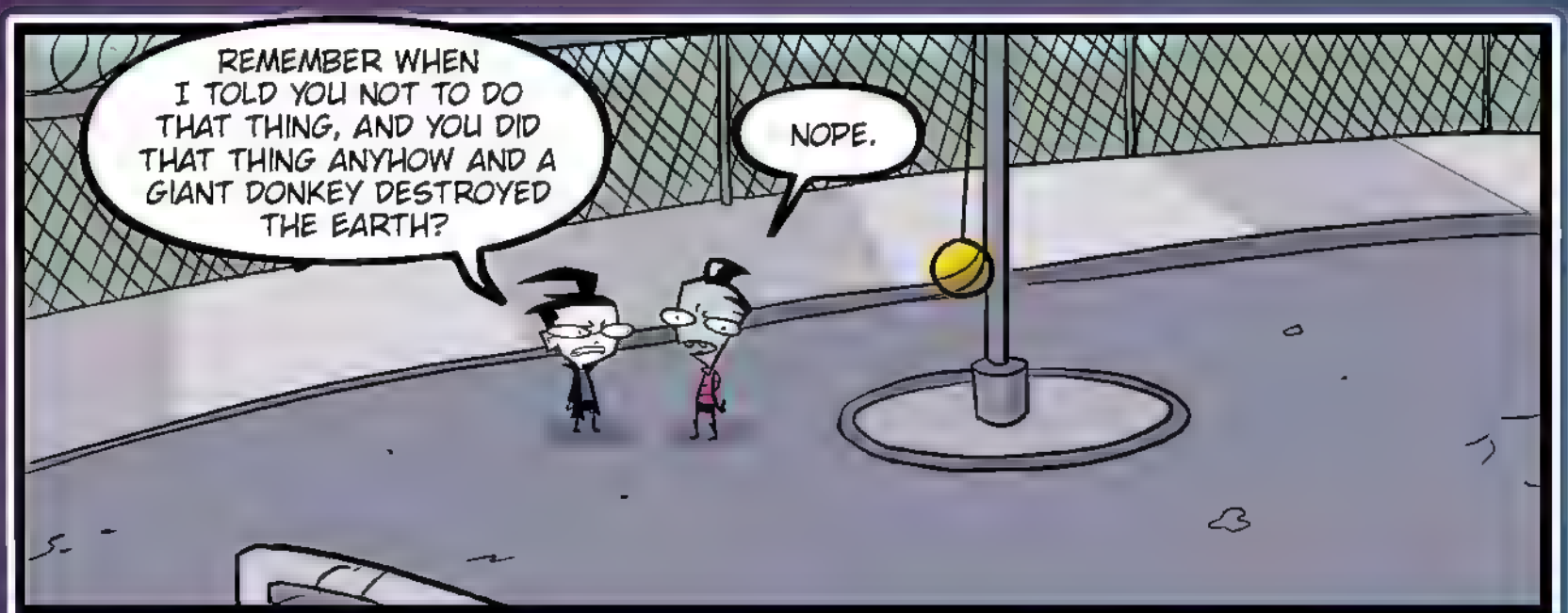
MUHAHAHAHAH!





THE END

**NEXT
TIME ON
INVADER
ZIM:**





CHAPTER: 2

illustration by **Dave Grosland** with **Warren Wucnich**

IT IS
NEARLY TIME, GIR!
THIS ALLIANCE WILL SECURE
MY PLAN TO DOMINATE THE
HUMANS UTTERLY!

UNTIL NOW, I
HAVE ONLY DOMINATED
THEM SEMI-UTTERLY! BUT
TONIGHT ZIM *EMBRACES THE*
COMPLETE UTTER! NO
PARTIALLY UTTER
WILL—

GIR!
STOP BUILDING
A TINY HOBO CAMP
ON MY FEET!

MMMMMMMMMM!
HOBO WEENIE!

SILENCE!
THEY HAVE
ARRIVED!





PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR'S LOG:
AGENT MOTHMAN REPORTING.

AFTER LEAVING A FAMILY
VACATION EARLY, I AM
PILOTING THE DIBMOBILE
BACK TO TOWN.

THIS IS ENTIRELY BECAUSE
I NEED TO FILE AN URGENT
REPORT ON AN AMAZING
NEW DISCOVERY: VAMPIRES
ARE THE MORTAL ENEMIES
OF COWBOYS!

AND NOT BECAUSE I ACCIDENTALLY
DELETED MY SISTER'S WORLD OF
BLORGHRAFT ACCOUNT, RESULTING
IN HER THREATENING MY LIFE AND
BREAKING MY DIBPAD OVER MY HEAD.

I AM NOW HEADED TO
SKOOL TO RETRIEVE
THE BACKUP DIBPAD
FROM MY LOCKER.

BECAUSE I LIKE THE
BACKUP BETTER! NOT
BECAUSE GAZ BROKE
IT OVER MY-

NEVER MIND.

SKOOL. PROVIDING
SO-CALLED "EDUCATION"
TO SO-CALLED "STUDENTS."

PEOPLE ARE SO BLIND.
THEY MISS WHAT REALLY
GOES ON IN THIS WORLD.

THEY COULD BE SURROUNDED
BY A MOB OF ZOMBIE WEASELS
AND NOT NOTICE.

HUH?
WHAT DO YOU
PEOPLE WANT?

Paddants!

"PLANTS?"

PANTS!

"BANTS?"
DO YOU MEAN THE
CRYPTOZOOLOGICAL SOUTH
AMERICAN BADGERANTS WHO
EAT WHOLE VILLAGES WITH
THEIR BADGMANDIBLES?

PAAAAAAAANTS!

Your legs look stupid, Dib!

Stupid, stupid legs!

You're not wearing the pants, Dib!

You aren't cool without the pants, DIB!

UM... SURE!
I'LL WEAR THE PANTS.
I HAVE A PAIR AT HOME.
I'LL GO GET THEM!
RIGHT NOW!

YOUR LEGS LOOK STUPID, DIB!

WEAR THE PANTS!!

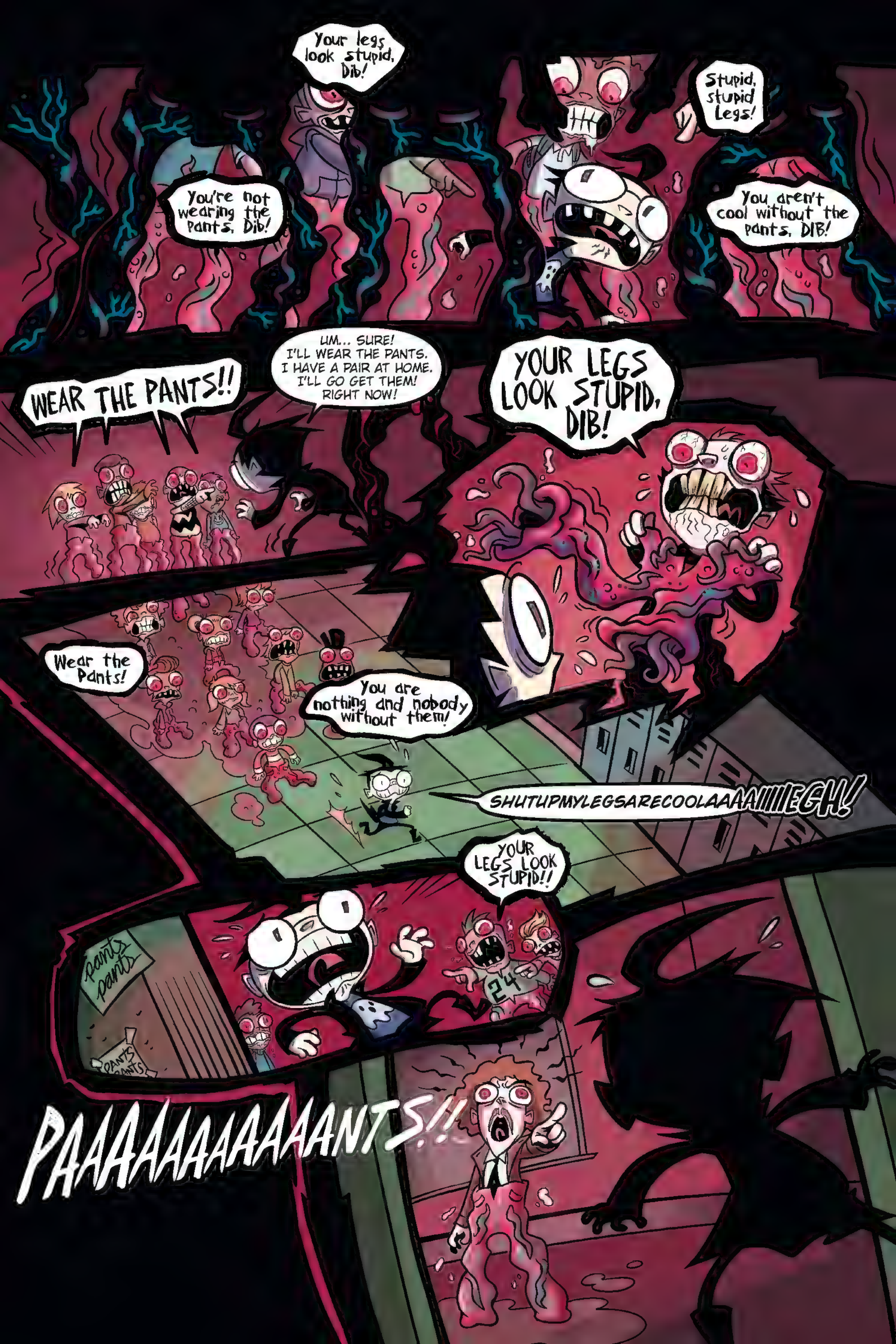
Wear the pants!

You are nothing and nobody without them!

SHUTUPMYLEGSARECOOLAAAAAIIIEGH!!

YOUR LEGS LOOK STUPID!!

PAAAAAANTSS!!





AGENT MOTHMAN'S LOG:
IT SEEMS THE ENTIRE POPULATION
HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY SOME
KIND OF MIND-ALTERING BIOPANTS.
IT'S MADE THEM CRAZY, AND
FASHION-CONSCIOUS, WHICH IS
KIND OF THE SAME THING.

SO I'VE HIDDEN IN THE
BROOM CLOSET WHILE
I FORMULATE A PLAN.



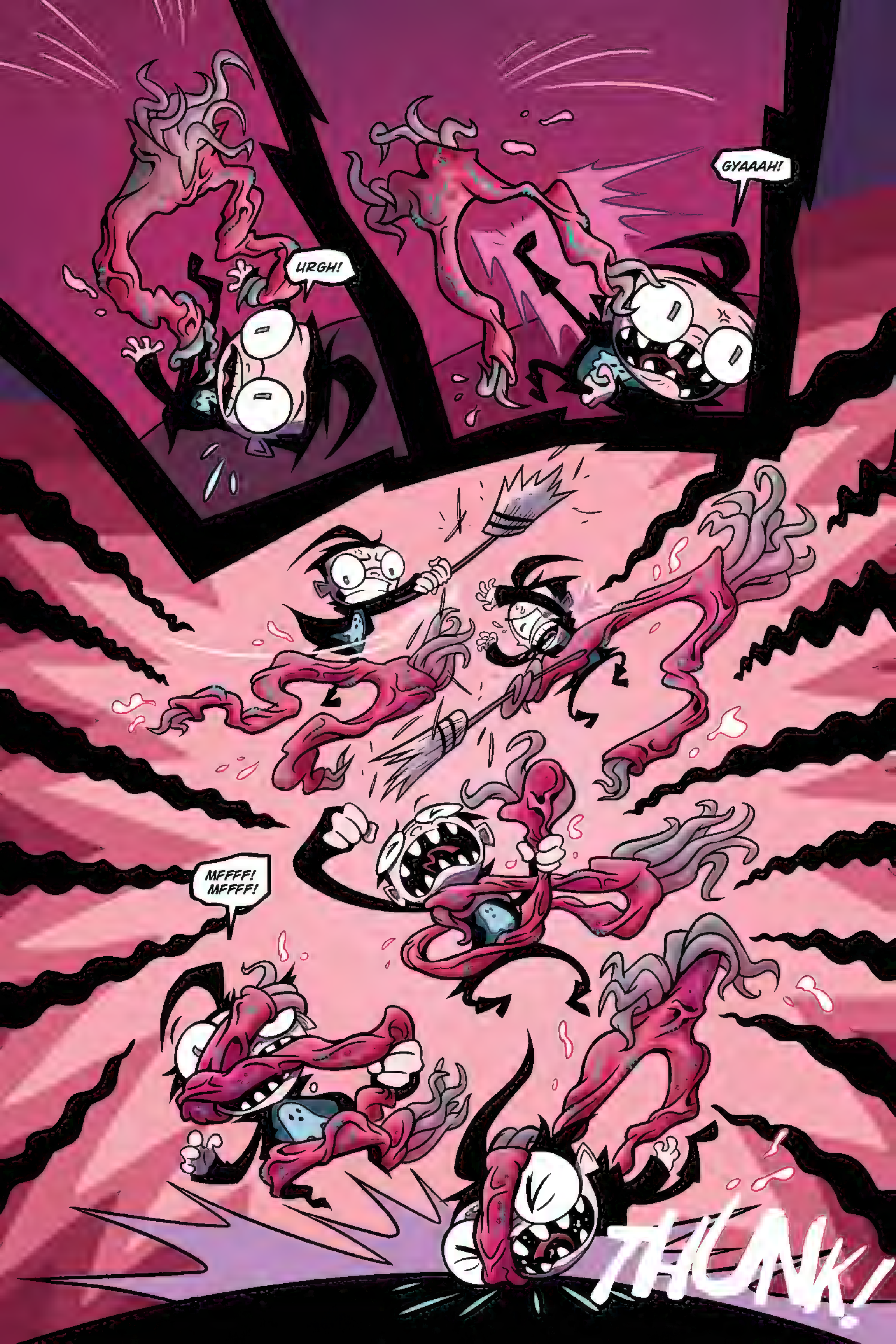
WHO KNOWS HOW
FAR THE PANTS
HAVE SPREAD.
MAYBE JUST THE
TOWN. MAYBE-

MAN, THIS
SKOOL HAS
A LOT OF
BROOMS.

BUT I
NEVER SEE
ANYONE
SWEEPING
ANYTHING.

JUST
WHAT ARE THEY
HIDING?

GARRGH!



URGH!

GYAAAH!

MFFFF!
MFFFF!

THUNK!



BEAUTIFUL!
MY LEGS ARE
BEAUTIFUL!

IEEEEGH!

WHERE
AM I?

SHH! WE DON'T
WANT TO ATTRACT THE
PANTS! AND I HAVE TO FIT
YOUR GIANT HEAD THROUGH
THE GRATE.

NRRRGH!!
NRRRGH!!

HOW DO
YOU DO STUFF WITH
A HEAD SO BIG? IT'S
LIKE A TURKEY!

POP!

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE WE? AND WHY DOES EVERYONE SAY MY HEAD IS BIG? IT'S BARELY ABOVE AVERAGE!

FIRST, MY NAME IS GROYNNA. I'M A YEAR AHEAD OF YOU AND CAPTAIN OF THE GIRLS VOOLEYBALL TEAM.

"VOOLEYBALL?"

SECOND, WE'RE IN THE SKOOL LAUNDRY ROOM. THE PANTS AVOID IT. LAUNDRY SCARES THEM LIKE IT SCARES ALL ALIENS.

LAUNDRY DOESN'T REALLY SCARE—

SHHHH!
THIRD, YOUR HEAD IS ENORMOUS. STOP LYING TO YOURSELF. IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL SURVIVE!

OK, OK!
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER I WAS ATTACKED BY PANTS. I CAN'T BELIEVE I'D EVER SAY THOSE WORDS. BUT HERE I AM SAYING THEM.

"MY NAME IS DIB AND I WAS ATTACKED BY PANTS!"

CALM DOWN. IT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN. I KILLED THE PANTS YOU WERE WEARING WITH THIS SHOCKPACK I MADE.

YOU'RE FREE NOW. FREE TO WEAR WHATEVER YOU WANT ON YOUR LEGS.

WHAT HAPPENED AROUND HERE?

I'LL TELL YOU...

FLASHBACK!

EVERYTHING WAS FINE
UNTIL A FEW DAYS AGO.
EVERYONE STARTED
WEARING ALIEN PANTS!

END FLASHBACK!

I KIND
OF FIGURED
THAT PART
OUT.

OH.
THEN HERE'S
MORE!

NOBODY KNOWS WHO PANTS-VICTIM
ZERO WAS, BUT SOON THE STREETS
WERE PACKED WITH **PANTS ZOMBIES!**

YOUR LEGS
LOOK STUPID!

THEY SAID THE PANTS
WERE COOL. IF YOU
DIDN'T WEAR THEM,
YOU WERE "NOT COOL."

SO? LOTS OF PEOPLE
AREN'T "COOL." MOST
"COOL" PEOPLE ARE
HORRIBLE.

THEN THEY HELD YOU
DOWN AND FORCED
YOU TO BE COOL!
WITH THE PANTS!

IT WAS
HORRIBLE! THEY
EVEN TOOK MY BESTEST
FRIEND **SHEATHER**. SHE WOULD
NEVER HAVE WORN PANTS!
BUT NOW... I CAN'T EVEN THINK
ABOUT WHAT SHE MUST
BE WEARING NOW!

UM... HEY,
THANKS FOR SAVING
ME, BUT CRYING MAKES
ME UNCOMFORTABLE. SO I'M
JUST GONNA GET OUT OF
HERE AND FIGURE OUT A
WAY TO STOP THE ALIEN
PANTS MENACE.

LET'S GO
TOGETHER! YOU AND
ME ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT
IN TOWN UNAFFECTED BY THE
PANTS! WE COULD BE
PANTS HUNTERS
TOGETHER!

SLACKS
PRESS
10¢

PANTS HUNTERS



GROYNA
& DIB

UM...
NO THANKS.

ALSO,
THERE ARE
THOUSANDS OF
PANTS OUT THERE AND
JUST TWO OF US. WE'D
BE OVERPANTSED
IN MINUTES!

UNLESS...
WE WEAR THE
DEAD PANTS AS
A DISGUISE!

THAT IS REAL
DISGUSTING.

ACTUALLY,
EVEN WITH THIS
DISGUISE, WE COULD NEVER
TAKE THEM ALL DOWN.
THERE'S SO MANY
OF THEM!

YEAH, IT'S
KIND OF OBVIOUS HOW
STUPID THAT PLAN WAS. THIS
ISN'T THE MOVIES, GROYNIA, ONE
OR TWO PEOPLE CAN'T TAKE
DOWN AN ALIEN INVASION ON
THEIR OWN. *PSHH.*

SQISH! SQISH!
SQISH!

WAIT!

WHAT?

THAT MUST
BE THE SOURCE OF
THE PANTS! WE CAN
TAKE THEM DOWN
ON OUR OWN!

PANTS!

THE PANTS
MUST ORIGINATE FROM
HERE. YOU DISTRACT THE
WOMAN BEHIND THE COUNTER
AND I'LL LOOK FOR SOME
KIND OF PANTS-HIVE.

MAY I
HELP YOU?

YES, I'M
LOOKING FOR SOME
PANTS OR...

...SHEATHER?

I'M SORRY,
MY NAME IS
"PANTS".

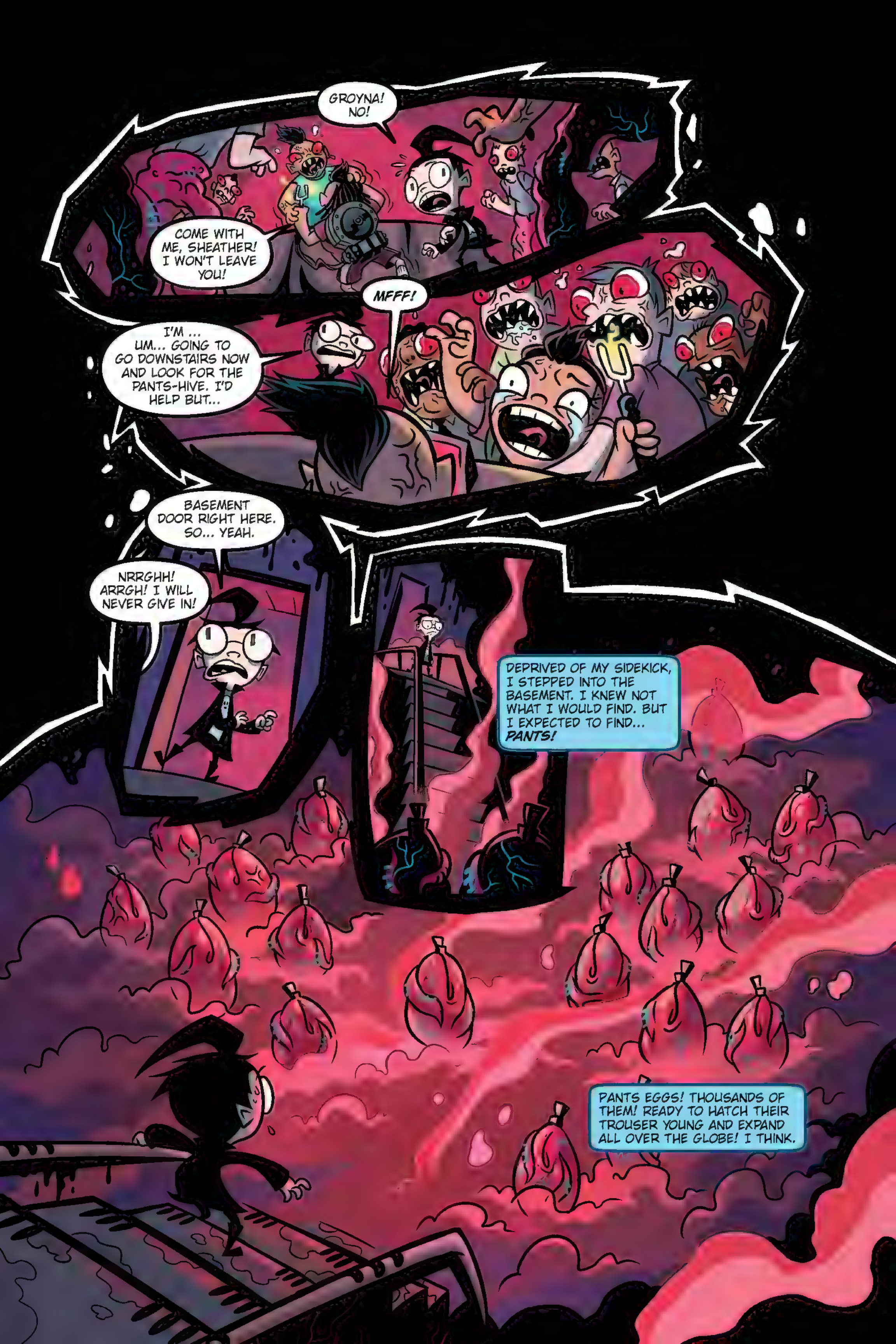
SHEATHER!
IT'S ME, GROYNA!
YOU MUST
REMEMBER!

UM...
GROYNA?
PROBABLY A
BAD IDEA!

MY NAME
IS PANTS. YOUR
NAME IS PANTS. WE
ARE ALL PANTS.

NO!
YOUR NAME IS
SHEATHER! LET'S GET
THOSE PANTS OFF
OF YOU!

EEEEEEEEEE



GROYNA!
NO!

COME WITH
ME, SHEATHER!
I WON'T LEAVE
YOU!

MFFF!

I'M ...
UM... GOING TO
GO DOWNSTAIRS NOW
AND LOOK FOR THE
PANTS-HIVE. I'D
HELP BUT...

BASEMENT
DOOR RIGHT HERE.
SO... YEAH.

NRRGHH!
ARRGH! I WILL
NEVER GIVE IN!

DEPRIVED OF MY SIDEKICK,
I STEPPED INTO THE
BASEMENT. I KNEW NOT
WHAT I WOULD FIND. BUT
I EXPECTED TO FIND...
PANTS!

PANTS EGGS! THOUSANDS OF
THEM! READY TO HATCH THEIR
TROUSER YOUNG AND EXPAND
ALL OVER THE GLOBE! I THINK.

BUT WHO LAID THEM?

THE PANTS QUEEN...

...IS
REALLY GROSS!
I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN
THAT SHOCKPACK FROM

A cartoon illustration of a character with a large, bloody wound on his chest, looking shocked. A speech bubble above him says "GROYNA BEFORE-". The character is wearing a dark suit and has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression. The background is a dark, swirling mass of blood and gore. The word "BLOODY" is written in a stylized, dripping font near the wound.

A cartoon illustration of a character with a large, bloody wound on their chest, looking shocked. A speech bubble above them says "GROYNA BEFORE-". The character is wearing a dark suit and has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression. The background is a dark, swirling mass of blood and gore. The word "BLOODY" is written in a stylized, dripping font near the wound.

A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit and glasses, looking shocked and screaming "GRK!" while being crushed by a large, red, fleshy, tentacle-like creature. The scene is framed by a thick, dark, irregular border.

A cartoon illustration of a boy with large, round glasses and a small ghost on his chest. He has a surprised or nervous expression with wide eyes and a small, open mouth. He is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. The background is a solid light blue.

YOU'RE
COMMUNICATING
WITH ME
TELEPATHICALLY?

INDEED
IT IS THE TALENT
OF THE LIBERTROUSER
THAT IS WHAT YOUR
PRIMITIVE BRAIN
WOULD CALL ME

WHY
AREN'T YOU
TRYING TO TAKE
ME OVER?

I HAVE
NEVER SEEN A
HUMAN WITH SUCH
A BIG HEAD. I ASSUME
YOU ARE THE LEADER
OF EARTH?

SERIOUSLY,
WHAT IS UP WITH
PEOPLE SAYING--!
I MEAN...
YES, I'M LEADER
OF EARTH.

THEN AS
LEADER, IT IS A
COURTESY TO SHOW YOU
WHO HAS TAKEN OVER YOUR
PLANET. OPEN YOUR
GIANT HEAD TO MY
PSYCHIC VISIONS!

THE NAME
OF MY KIND IS
INCONCEIVABLE BY
YOUR LANGUAGE.

HOW ABOUT
"SPACE PANTS?"

OH, WAIT,
NO, YOU GOT IT.
WE ARE "THE
SPACE PANTS!"

WE EVOLVED
ON THE PLANET SLKSSKZ,
WHERE WE LIVED IN SYMBIOSIS
WITH THE LOCAL CREATURES.

BUT WE
BURDENED OUR LAND
TO EXTINCTION, AND
WARS DECIMATED
THE PLANET.

NOW WE
ARE A SPACE-FARING RACE,
LANDING ON PLANETS, SHARING
OUR PANTS-SELVES WITH
LOCAL CREATURES.

YOU MEAN
TAKING THEM
OVER!

THEIR
LEGS LOOK
STUPID.

AND THEN
WE RECEIVED A
TRANSMISSION FROM THE
IRKEN ZIM. HE PROMISED HE
WOULD SHARE THIS WORLD
WITH US IF WE WORKED
WITH HIM.

WAIT--
ZIM?
THE ZIM?!



ZIM IS A LIAR! HE'LL BETRAY YOU! LET ME SHOW YOU!

WHATEVER ZIM PROMISED YOU, HE LIED! AND HE'S ALSO AN IDIOT!



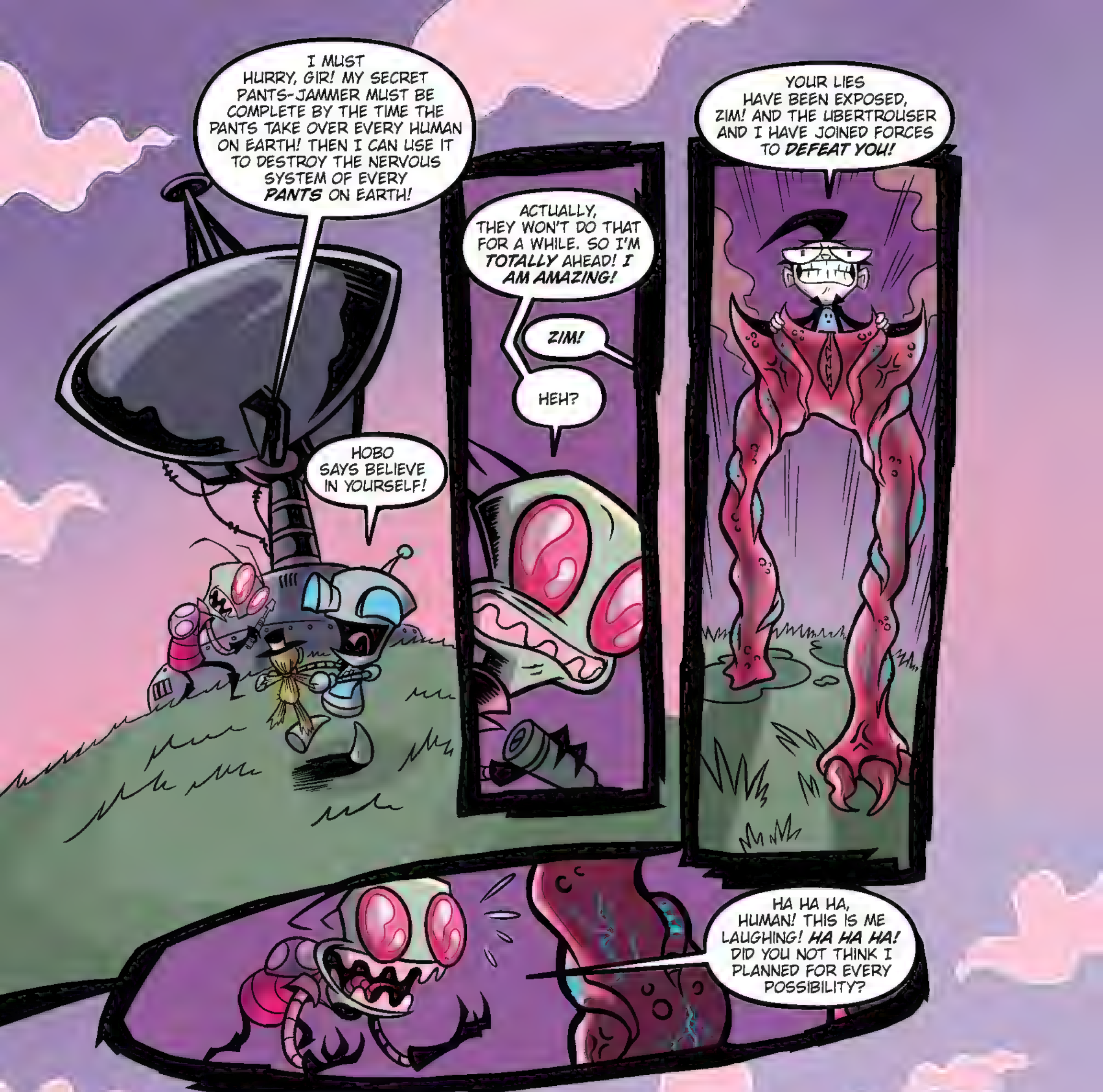
LIBERTROUSER, JOIN FORCES WITH ME! WE CAN STOP ZIM FROM TAKING OVER THIS PLANET!

ONE WITH A HEAD SO BIG MUST BE JUST AS WISE! *HUMAN*, GET IN ME!

IT'S WEIRD YOU THINK THAT CONSIDERING YOUR PEOPLE HAVE NO HEADS.

SNIF

AW, GEEZ. ARE YOU CRYING?



I MUST HURRY, GIR! MY SECRET PANTS-JAMMER MUST BE COMPLETE BY THE TIME THE PANTS TAKE OVER EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH! THEN I CAN USE IT TO DESTROY THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF EVERY PANTS ON EARTH!

HOBO SAYS BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!

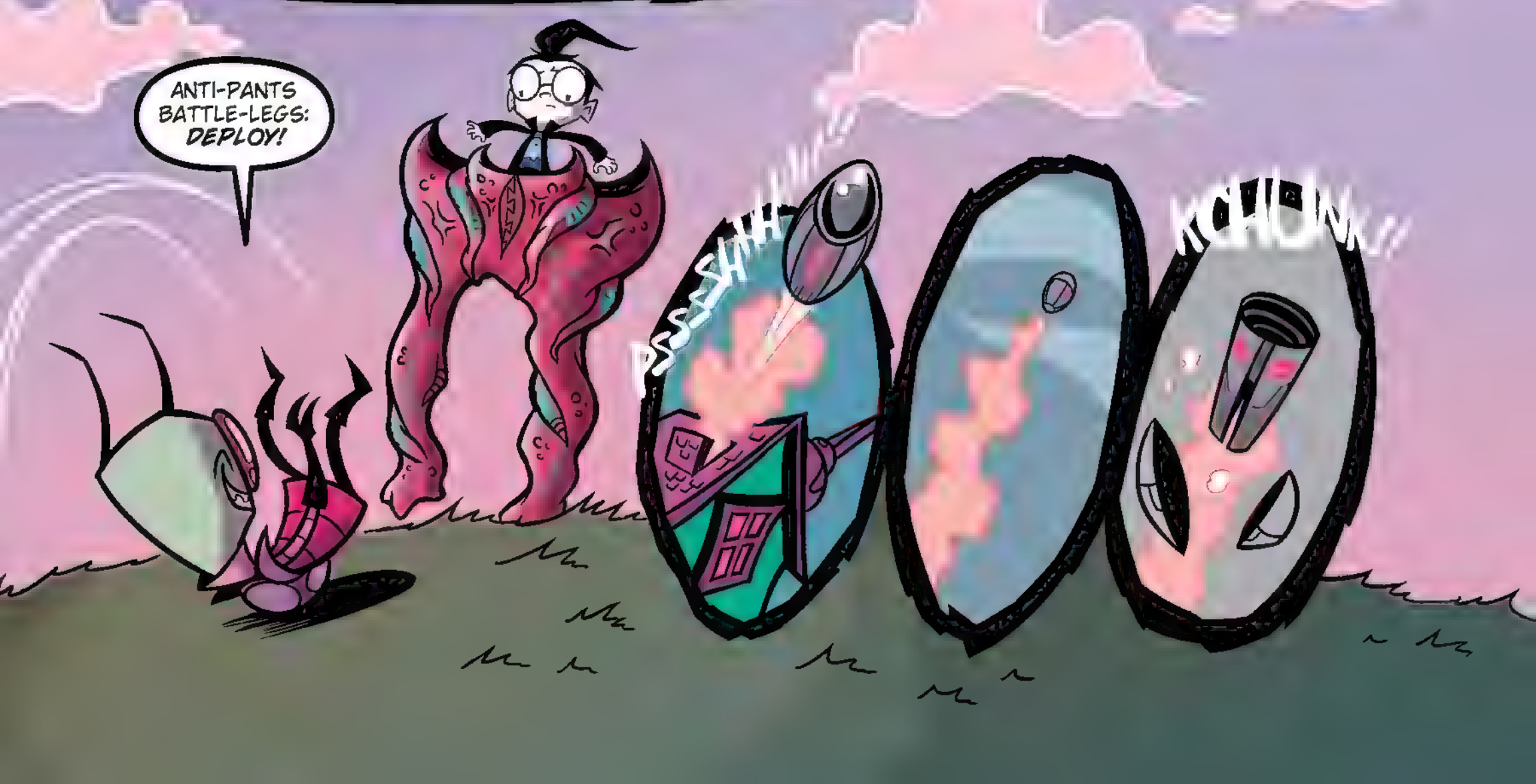
ACTUALLY, THEY WON'T DO THAT FOR A WHILE. SO I'M TOTALLY AHEAD! I AM AMAZING!

ZIM!

HEH?

YOUR LIES HAVE BEEN EXPOSED, ZIM! AND THE LIBETROUSER AND I HAVE JOINED FORCES TO DEFEAT YOU!

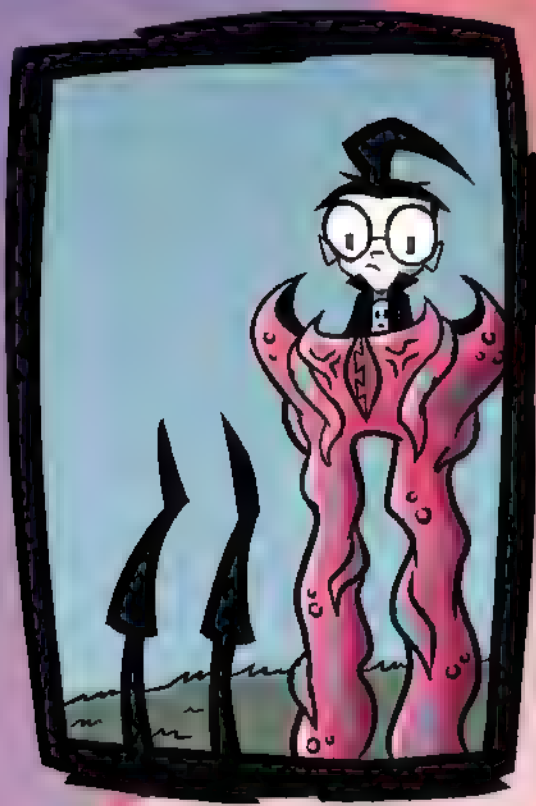
HA HA HA, HUMAN! THIS IS ME LAUGHING! HA HA HA! DID YOU NOT THINK I PLANNED FOR EVERY POSSIBILITY?



ANTI-PANTS BATTLE-LEGS: DEPLOY!

POW!

KCHUNK!



THE
BRITCHES-BATTLE
BEGINS!

I HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT'S
GOING ON.



WE BATTLE
USING THE ANCIENT METHOD
OF MY PEOPLE. I GENERATE
BURSTS OF PSYCHIC ENERGY MADE
REAL VIA ANCIENT PANTS-BASED
MARTIAL-ARTS

REALLY?

ZIM, ONLY
ONE WILL SURVIVE
THE...



PANTS
PANTS
REVOLUTION!

NRRRGH!

KCHOW!

OOOF!

14 HOURS LATER

TAKE
THIS!

OH
YEAH? TAKE
THIS!

MY
BATTLEPANTS!
OVERHEATING!

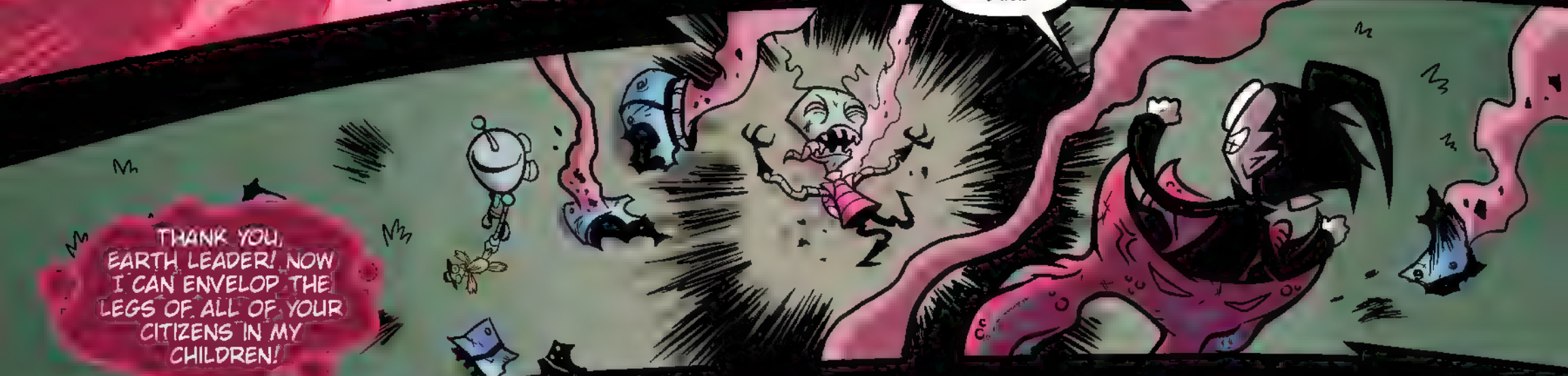
AND NOW,
OUR FINISHING
MOVE!

ZZT

ZZT

ZZT

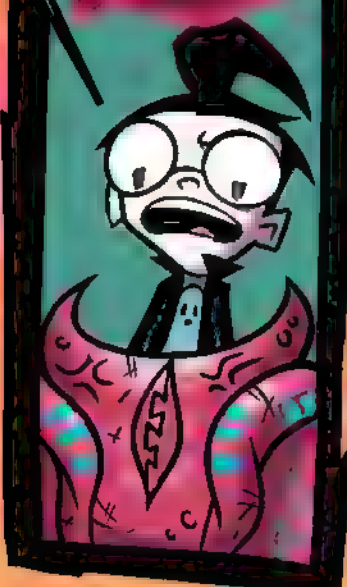
BZZAAK!



THANK YOU, EARTH LEADER! NOW I CAN ENVELOP THE LEGS OF ALL OF YOUR CITIZENS IN MY CHILDREN!

WAIT. WHAT?

WITHOUT ZIM, WE ARE FREE TO TAKE OVER ALL THE HUMANS ON YOUR PLANET, AS IS OUR DESTINY!



UM... YOU NEVER SAID THAT PART.

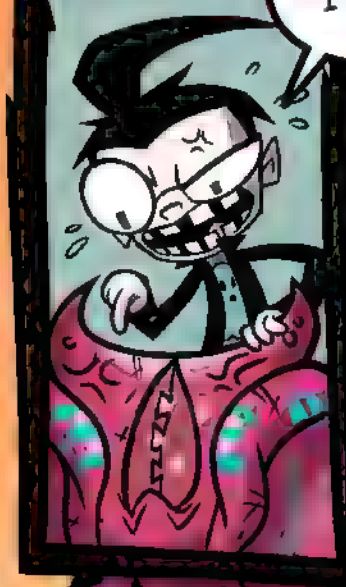
AND AFTER A YEAR, WE EAT THE LEGS!



HEY! NOT COOL!

THIS PLANET IS OURS! KNEEL BEFORE THE HEBERTROUSER!

NEVER! FOR A START, I'M INSIDE YOU!



NOOOOOO! MY TROUSERKIN!





WHEEEEP!

GROSS.

OH. GUESS I ACCIDENTALLY SAVED EVERY HUMAN ON EARTH.

HUH. I GUESS YOU DID.

I WAS KINDA GONNA WAIT UNTIL THEY'D EATEN EVERYONE'S LEGS, BUT... YEAH.

SO, UH... SEE YOU TOMORROW?

PROBABLY. DEATH TO THE HUMANS, THOUGH.

YOUR LEGS LOOK STUPID! HA!

WHAT?

THAT'S TELLING HIM. AGENT MOTHMAN'S LOG... OUT.



CHAPTER: 3

illustration by **Warren Wucnich**



...AND SO, AS
WE MARCH ACROSS
THE GALAXY, CRUSHING
EVERYTHING IN OUR
PATH, BLAH BLAH
BLAH...

HEY! LARB!

...WE'D LIKE TO TAKE
A MOMENT TO HONOR OUR
MOST SUCCESSFUL INVADER...
INVADER LARB!

WE'D HONOR
YOU IN PERSON, BUT
WE GOT THESE SODAS,
SO YEAH.

LARB, IN
YOUR TIME YOU'VE
ACHIEVED THE
RANKS OF...

SLAUGHTERER
OF THE SLAUGHTERING
RAT PEOPLE. NAP-LORD OF
THE MOST COMFORTABLE COUCH.
CZAR OF THE WHUNKS. FASTEST
OF THE PLASTICLEGS.
ETC. ETC.

I SERVE
THE EMPIRE!

SO TO HELP
ON YOUR NEXT
MISSION CONQUERING
PLANET SQUIDGILIUS, WE
GIVE YOU THIS BRAND
NEW ZHOOK
CRUISER.


Oooooo...

AND THE
REST OF THIS
SODA. I DON'T WANT
IT ANYMORE!

HELLLLOOOOOOO MY TALLEST!

YEAGH!

ZIM!



I WOULD
HAVE WAITED, BUT
**GENIUS CANNOT
WAIT!**

BEHOLD! I
HAVE BUILT A ROBOT
BATTLESLOTH!

IT'S **DEADLY!!!**
AND SLOOOOOOOOW.

SLOOOOOOOOOOW-
HOOOOO!

I SHALL NOW
AWAIT SHIPMENT OF ONE
OF THOSE NICE ZHOOK
CRUISERS.

YEAHHHHH....
WE'LL GET BACK TO
YOU ON THAT.

THIS
IS VERY RUDE
TO WHATSIFACE
HERE, LORP OR
WHATEVER.

LARB,
AN **INVADER** FAR
MORE ACCOMPLISHED
THAN YOU.

SO...
BYE!

JAM HIS SIGNAL.
AND EVERY SIGNAL
FROM THAT HALF OF
THE GALAXY.

COMING FROM THE
MOUTH OF THE DRAGON
THE TEST OF THE
WISDOMS
AND THE

POOSQUAK!
THERE ARE NO INVADERS
MORE ACCOMPLISHED THAN
ZIM!! PFFFFT! LOOK
AT INVADER LARB'S
RECORD.

OF COURSE HE'S
MORE "ACCOMPLISHED!"
HE GOT ALL THE EASY
TARGETS!

MAH
BUTT WANTS
DAT COUCH.

NO
MORE!!!

ZIM CAN ALSO
PAD HIS INVADER SCORE BY
CONQUERING AN EASY TARGET HERE
ON EARTH. THE TALLEST WILL HAVE
NO CHOICE BUT TO ACKNOWLEDGE
MY OVERWHELMING
AMAZENESS!

BUT
WHERE SHOULD
I START...?

BURRITO...
KEEEEEENG?





BURRITO KING

LAUNDRY HOLE

TEETH PERSON!

CHICKY BURRITO
ROYALE FOR MY GOOD
FRIEND EMILY ROSE. MY
FAVORITE CUSTOMER!
HAH!

YOU'RE
THE **BEST**,
BURRITO!

WHOOOO
AMONG YOU IS THE
BURRITO KING?!

BOOM



I'M JUST A HUMBLE BURRITO MAKER NAMED BURRITO ROYALE BY MY PARENTS.

REALLY?

YEP. ROB AND LINDA ROYALE LOVED BURRITOS.

WELL, LITTLE GUY... HEH. THAT'S ME, I GUESS, BUT I'M NOT **REALLY** A KING, LIKE... WITH FOLLOWERS AND AN ARMY OR ANYTHING.

SO, I DECIDED TO BECOME A BURRITO CHEF. AND IN THAT SMALL WAY, I AM INDEED A KING, BY MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY-

zorch

SHUT YOUR STORY-FLAPS, FOOL!! ZIM IS NOW BURRITO KING!!

I SHALL RETURN! YOU'VE TAKEN MY KINGDOM, BUT YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN MY SPIRIT!!

LET MY BURRITO REIGN COMMENCE!

IT BURNS!

LATER...

HAIL ZIM,
BURRITO KING!
HE WHO CONTROLS THE
BURRITOS, CONTROLS THE
BURRITOVERSE!!
AhHahHah
HahHah!!!

Um...
ARE YOU
OPEN?

MY FIRST
FOLLOWER!

I
JUST WANT
A BURRITO?

YOU WILL
HAVE YOUR BURRITO,
HUNGER-SLUG. ALL YOU
MUST DO IS SWEAR YOUR
INFINITE AND LINDYING
ALLEGIANCE TO YOUR
BURRITO KING! ON
YOUR KNEES!

Um...
OKAY.

KISS MY
BURRITO RING!

IF I SWEAR
MY ALLEGIANCE, DO
I GET THE BURRITO
FOR FREE?

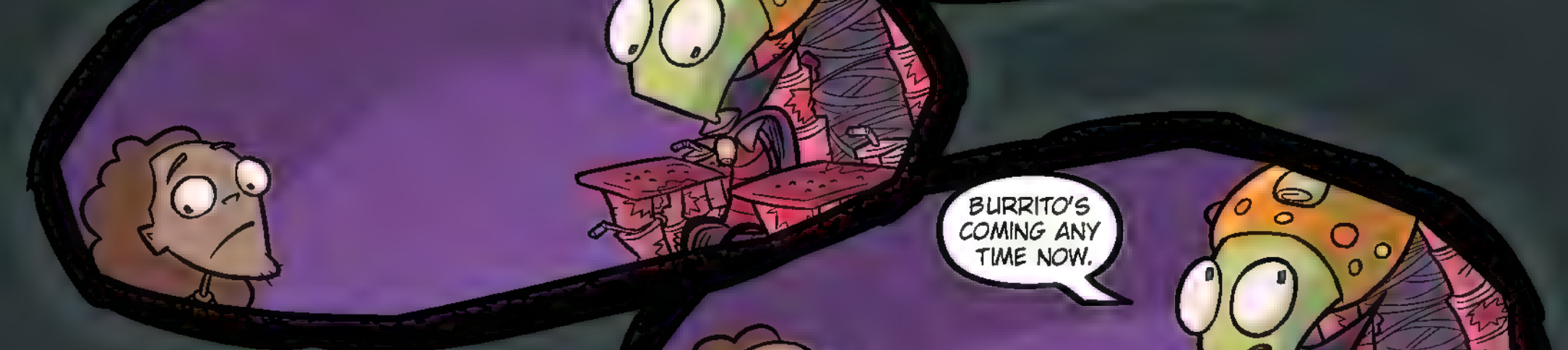
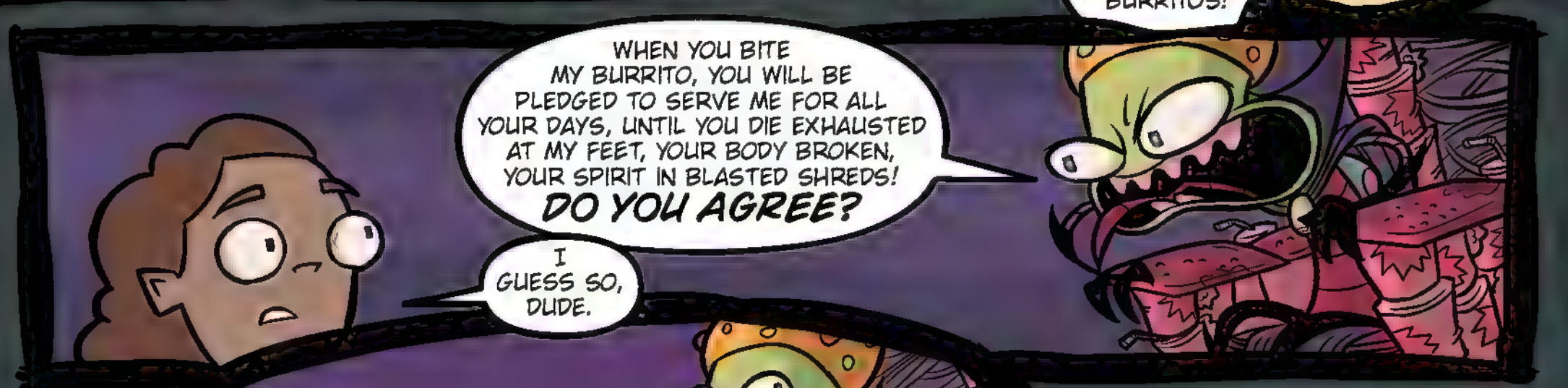
EH,
WHY NOT.

OKAY.

smooch

GIR!
A BURRITO FOR
MY MINION TO SEAL
THE PACT!

YES,
BURRITO
LORD!



DIS
MY FINEST
CREATION.

GIR, THIS
IS A PLATE OF SALSA
PACKETS WITH CHEESE
ON THEM!

OH HHHHH.
I DO IT AGAIN!

THIS IS
A WAD OF WET
NAPKINS AND SALT
SHAKERS.

THIS IS
A RAT WITH A
TINY SOMBRERO
ON IT!

AH! A
BURRITO.
BITE THE
BURRITO AND
SERVE ME!

AAAAGHHH!!!

GIR, IT'S
GOOD YOU FOUND MY
FACE-EATING ROBOT
SPIDER, BUT THIS STILL
ISN'T A BURRITO.

HEEEHEEE
HEEEHEEE!

HOW WILL
I EVER BUILD
MY ARMY?!

HEH?

WE
HEARD THERE WERE
FREE BURRITOS IF YOU
SWEAR ALLEGIANCE OR
SOMETHING?

MY ARMY
GROWS!!!

UNDERSTAND THIS, MY
LEGION OF SWEATY FOLLOWERS!
WHEN YOU SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO
YOUR BURRITO KING-ON YOUR
STINKING, HUNGRY KNEES-YOU WILL
BE CALLED UPON TO DO THINGS
IN MY NAME.

TERRIBLE
THINGS. VILE
THINGS.

THINGS
THAT WILL
HAUNT YOUR SPICY
NIGHTMARES.

YOU WILL
AWAKE, SCREAMING
AND CLAWING AT YOUR
FACEFLESH, DARK STAINS
ON YOUR MIND AND PANTS
THAT YOU WILL NEVER
WASH CLEAN.

BUT
WE STILL GET
FREE BURRITOS,
RIGHT?

YUH
HUH.

THEN,
SURE.

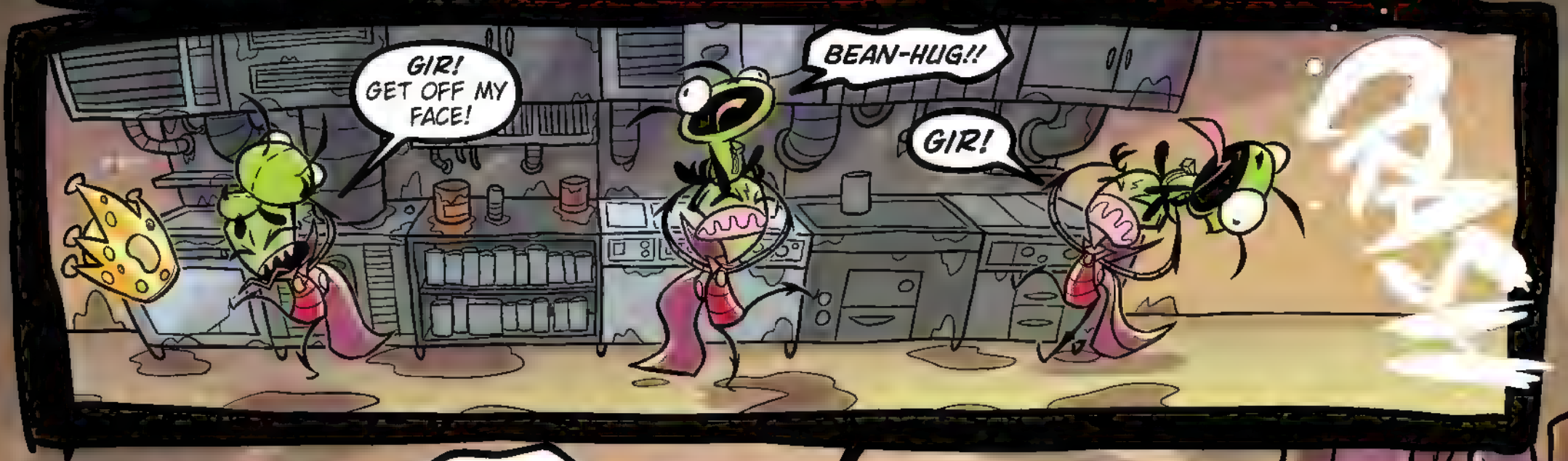
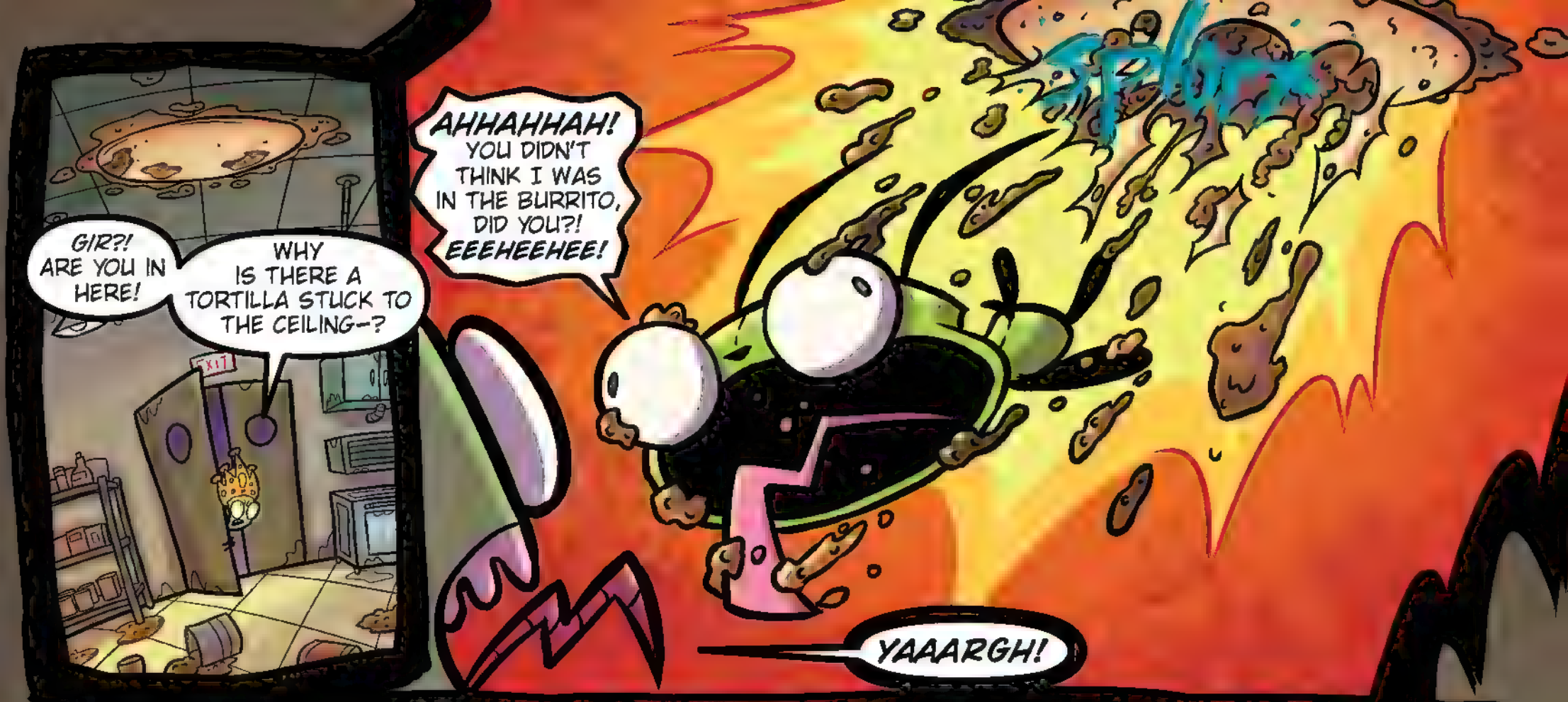
I'M IN.

NO
PROBLEM.

EXCELLENT!
NOW... IF WE
COULD ONLY
GET SOME
BURRITOS!!

SOMETHING'S
ALREADY WRONG
WITH MY PANTS.

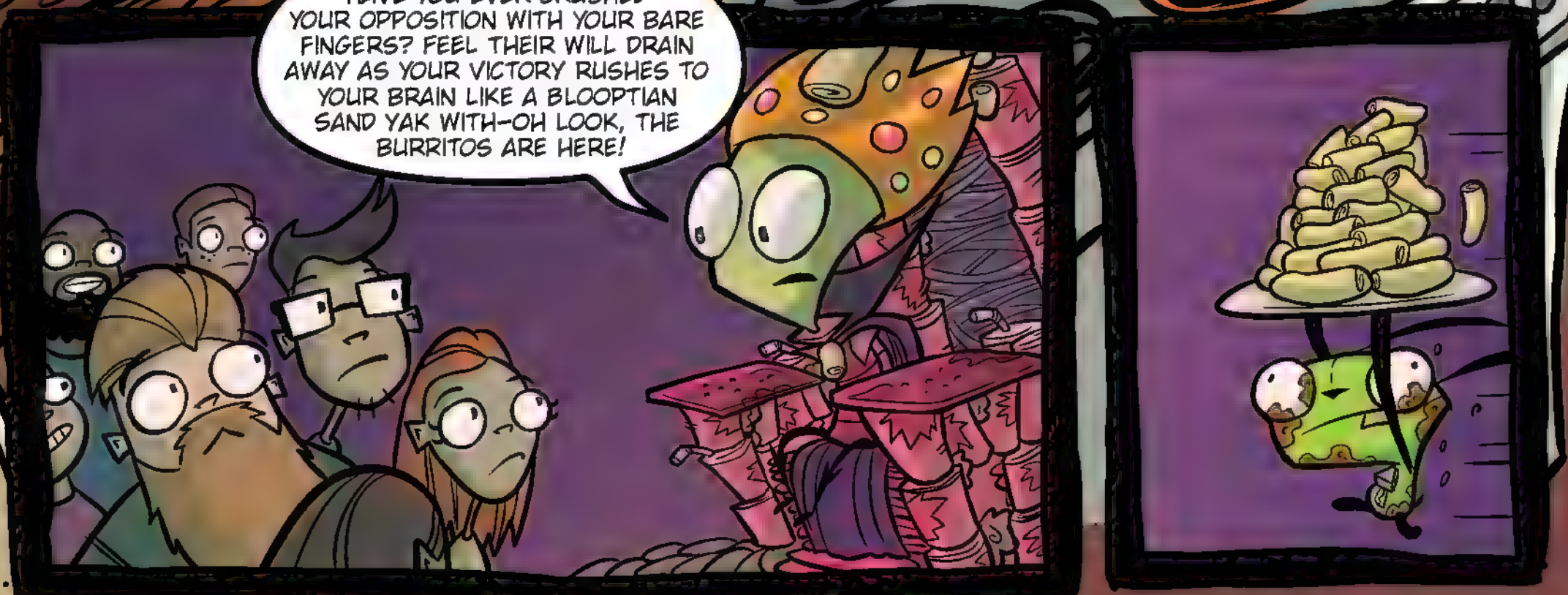
GIR!?!?

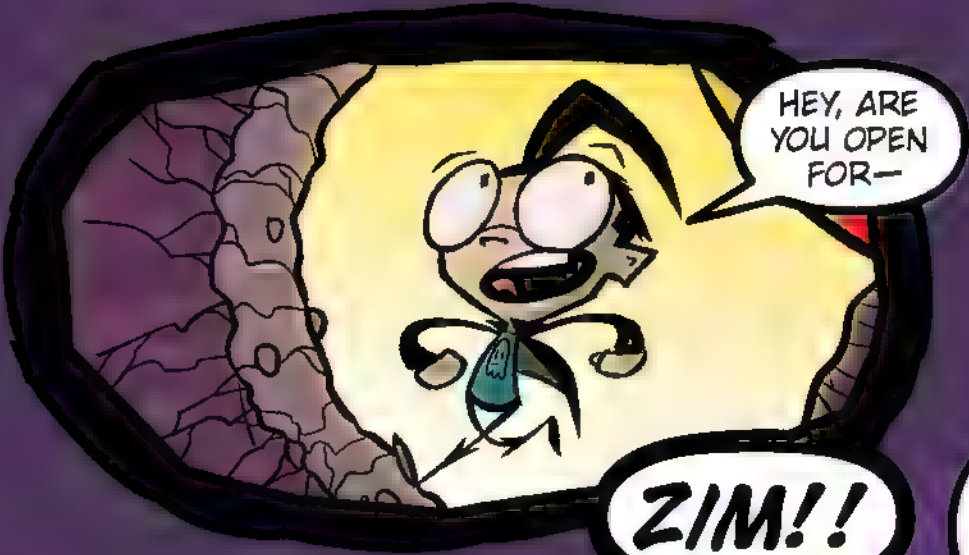




CRASHNNNN

SO... UM...
HAVE YOU EVER CRUSHED
YOUR OPPOSITION WITH YOUR BARE
FINGERS? FEEL THEIR WILL DRAIN
AWAY AS YOUR VICTORY RUSHES TO
YOUR BRAIN LIKE A BLOOPTIAN
SAND YAK WITH-OH LOOK, THE
BURRITOS ARE HERE!





HEY, ARE YOU OPEN FOR—

ZIM!!

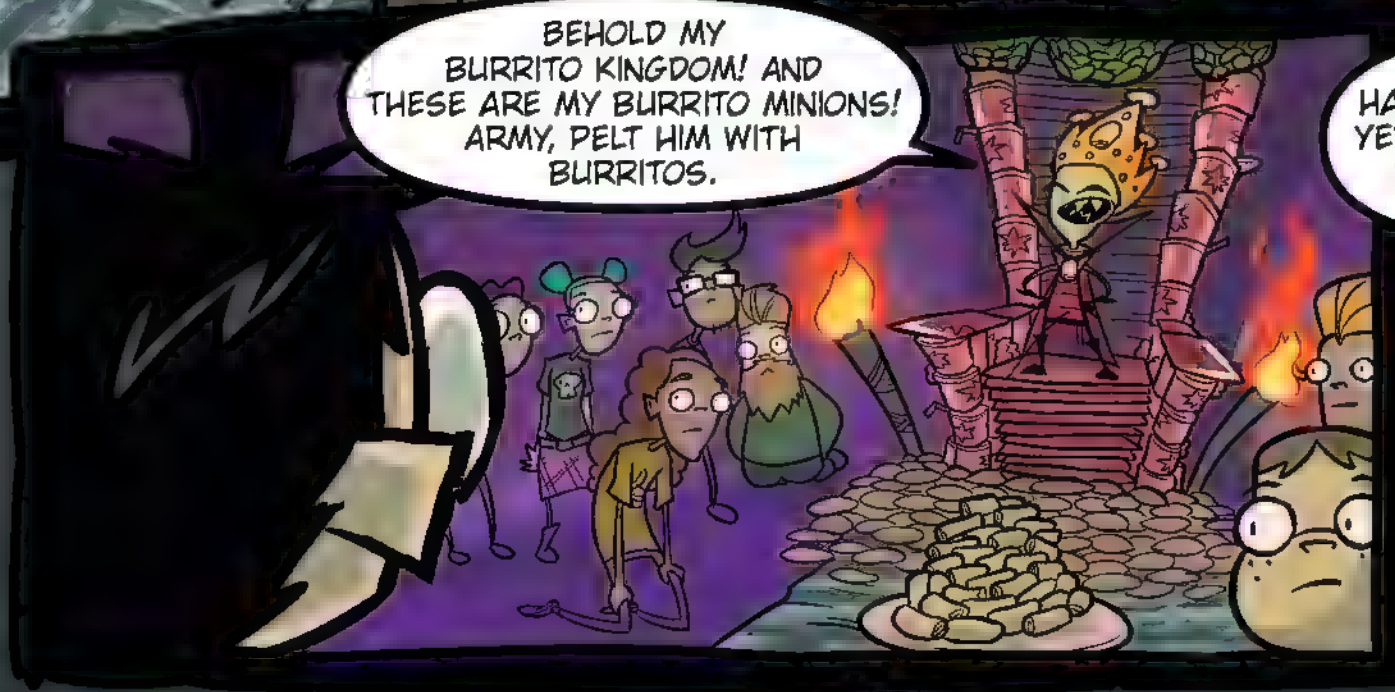
DIB!! YOU DARE THINK YOU CAN THWART ME IN MY OWN KINGDOM??



ACTUALLY, I JUST WANTED A BURRITO.

REALLY?

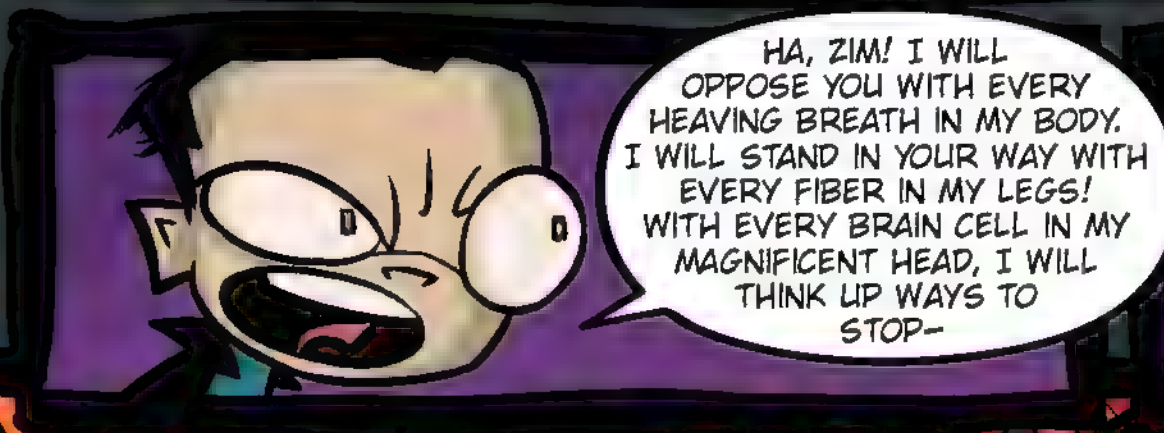
YEAH. BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



BEHOLD MY BURRITO KINGDOM! AND THESE ARE MY BURRITO MINIONS! ARMY, PELT HIM WITH BURRITOS.



BUT, WE HAVEN'T EATEN THEM YET. SO, TECHNICALLY WE'RE NOT YOUR MINIONS.



HA, ZIM! I WILL OPPOSE YOU WITH EVERY HEAVING BREATH IN MY BODY. I WILL STAND IN YOUR WAY WITH EVERY FIBER IN MY LEGS! WITH EVERY BRAIN CELL IN MY MAGNIFICENT HEAD, I WILL THINK UP WAYS TO STOP—



splat!
splat!
splat!



MY MINIONS! YOU SERVE ME!

NAW, HE WAS JUST ANNOYING.

I'LL BE BACK, ZIM! MORE BACK THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE!

DO YOU HAVE MORE BURRITOS?

sigh

GIR! MORE BURRITOS!

LATER...

WHERE ARE THE BURRITOS? THE BURRITOS! WHOEVER HOLDS THE BURRITOS HOLDS THE POWER!

YESSS! IT'S ALL SO CLEAR TO ME NOW! FIRST YOU GET THE BURRITOS.

THEN YOU GET THE ARMY. THEN YOU DESTROY THE CITIES AND HEAT TORTILLAS OVER THE SMOKING RUINS!

THEN YOU **RULE THE GALAXY!**

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

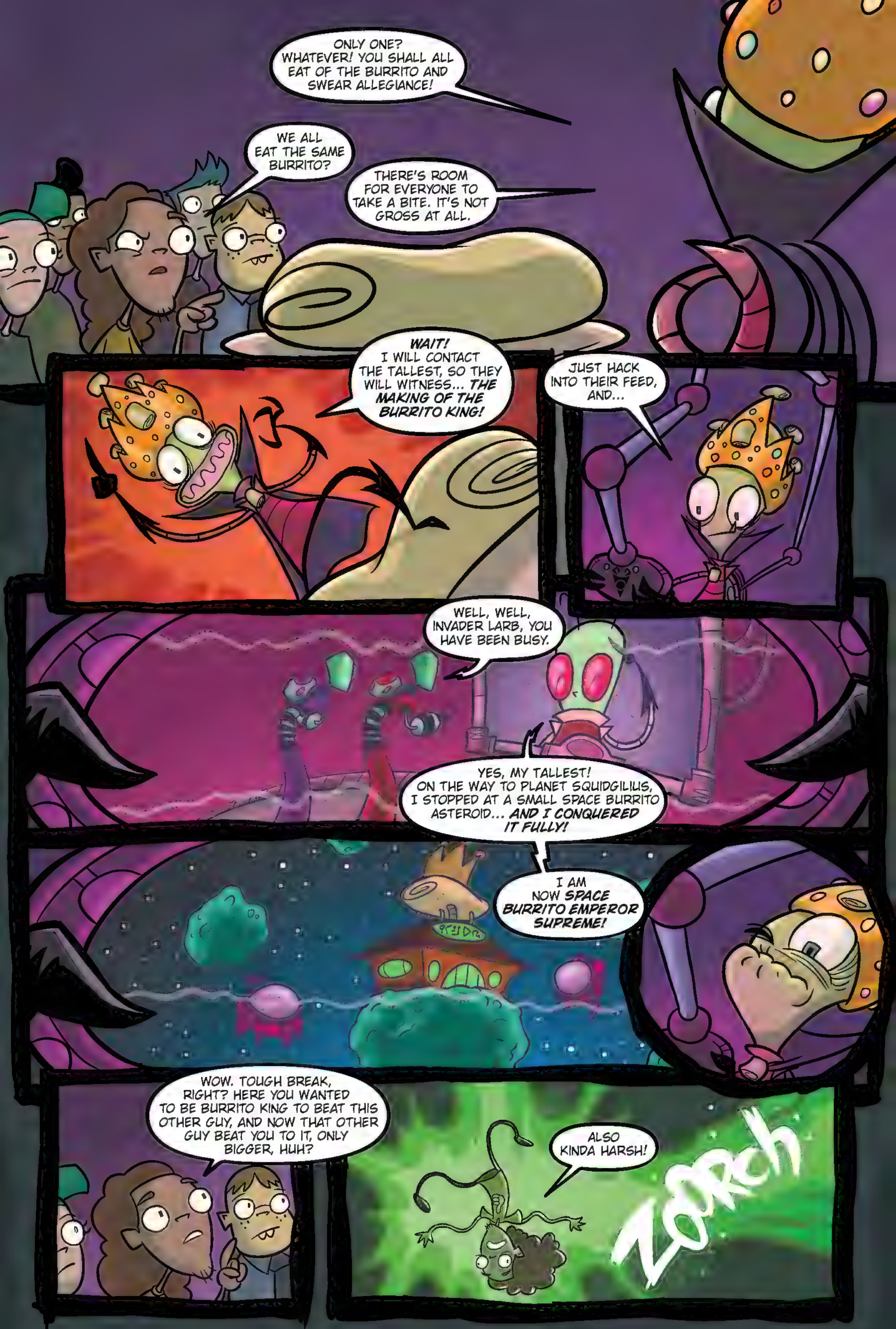
HOME? I'M... I'M HUNGRY!

NO HOME-GOING!

BURRITO IS REAAAAADYYYYY!

KINDA HARSH!

zoorch



IT DOESN'T
MATTER! SUBJECTS!
EAT THE BURRITO!
NOW!

Freeee!!

WHAAAAA?

HOWLER MONKEY
SURPRISE!

WHY DID YOU
PUT A HOWLER MONKEY
IN A BURRITO??

I DON'T
KNOW.

NEVER MIND
THAT... WHERE DID
YOU FIND A HOWLER
MONKEY!?

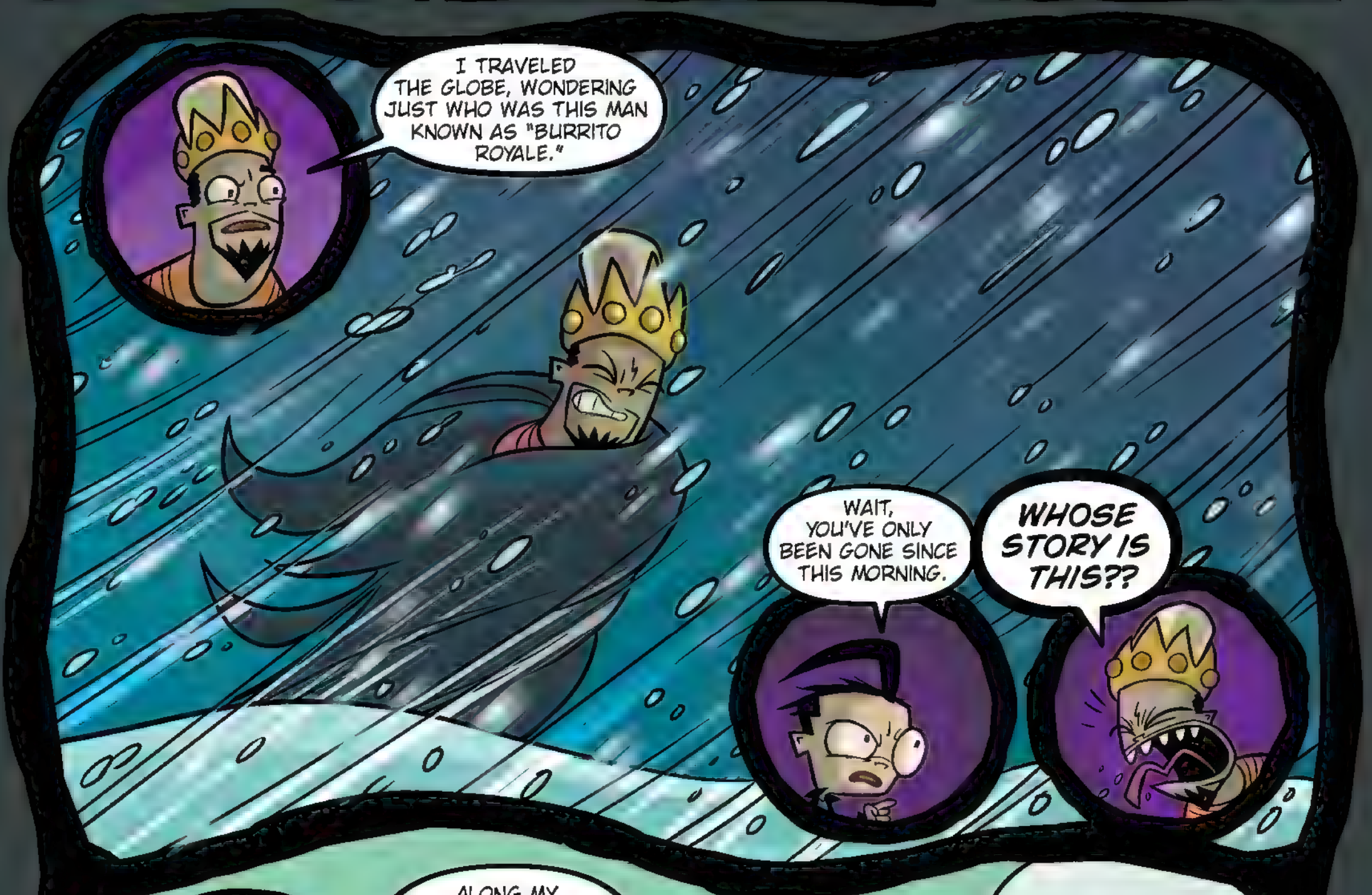
I DON'T
KNOW!!

FOOOOF!

HALT WHERE
YOU STAND, FALSE
KING! I HAVE
RETURNED!

HUHHHH?

AND I
HAVE BROUGHT
MY OWN BURRITO
ARMY!





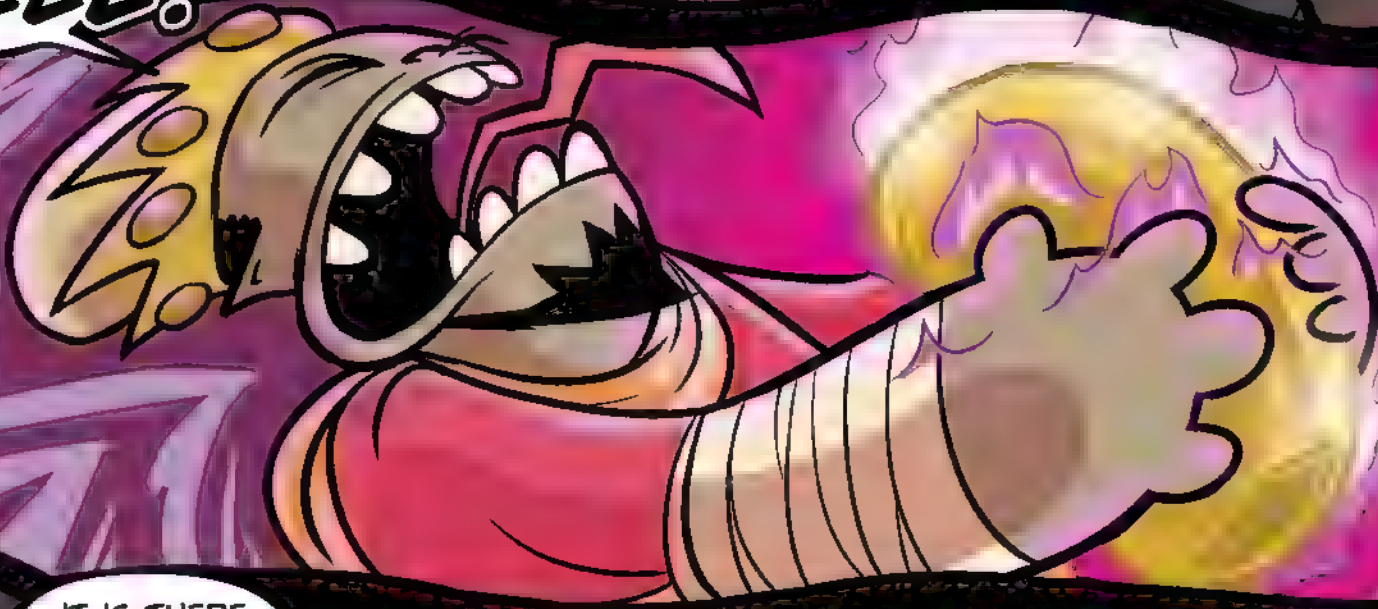
AND MY
LEGIONS GREW.



IN THE CAVES
OF TIBET, I KNEW I
HAD TO EMBRACE MY
DESTINY!



ANEEEEEE!



IT IS THERE
THAT I FOUND
MY POWER.



I KNOW WHAT
I AM NOW, NO LONGER
A MERE MAN. I AM THE
LAST OF MY KIND. I AM A
MAN... WITH POWER...
OVER BEANS!

LIKE A
"BEANBENDER?"

NO.
NOT LIKE
THAT.

YOU
SEEM LIKE A
"BEANBENDER."

NOT AT
ALL LIKE
THAT.

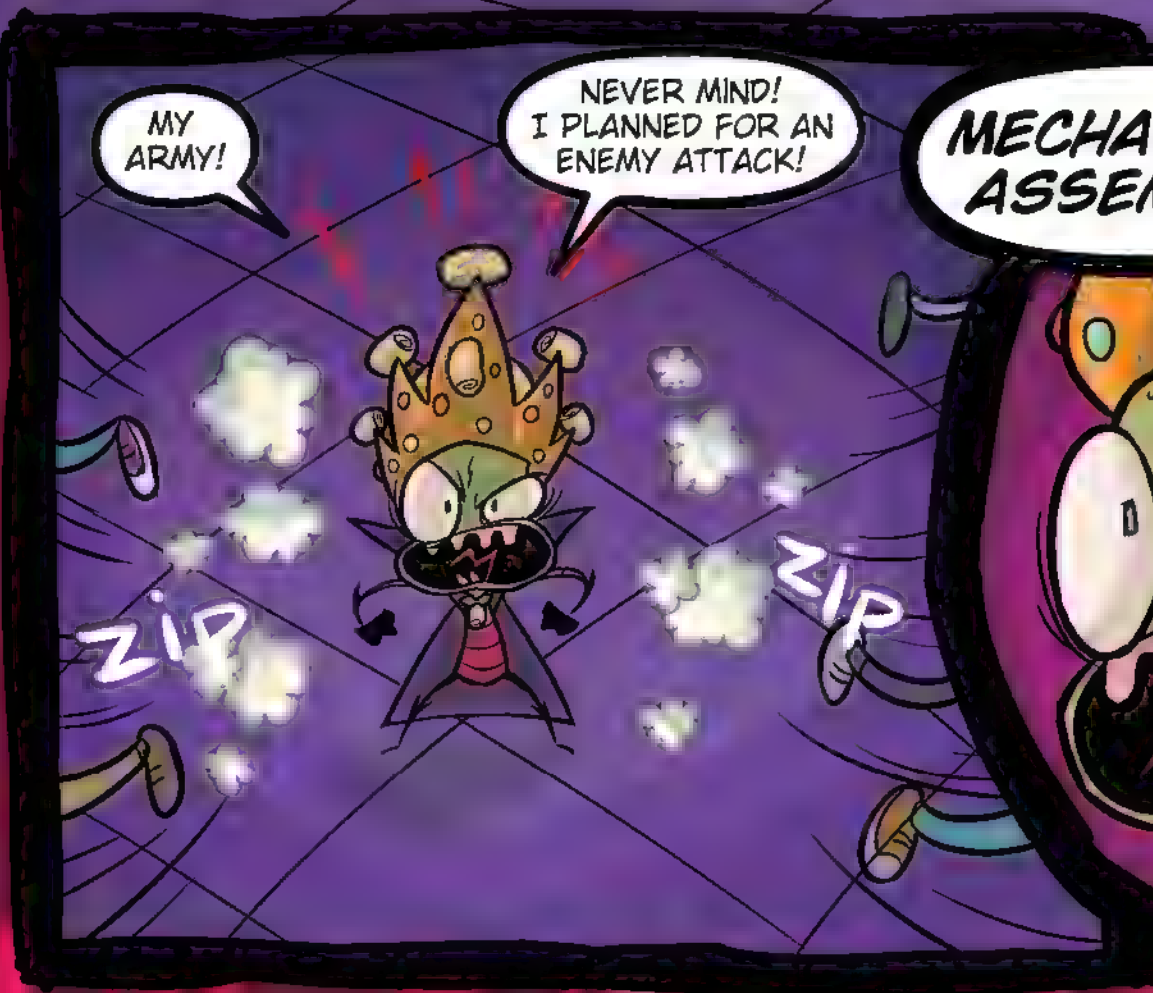




AND NOW,
GREEN ONE, CAN
YOUR ARMY STAND
BEFORE MY
POWER??



NOPE.
WE'RE OUT.



MY
ARMY!

NEVER MIND!
I PLANNED FOR AN
ENEMY ATTACK!

MECHA-RITO-
ASSEMBLE!



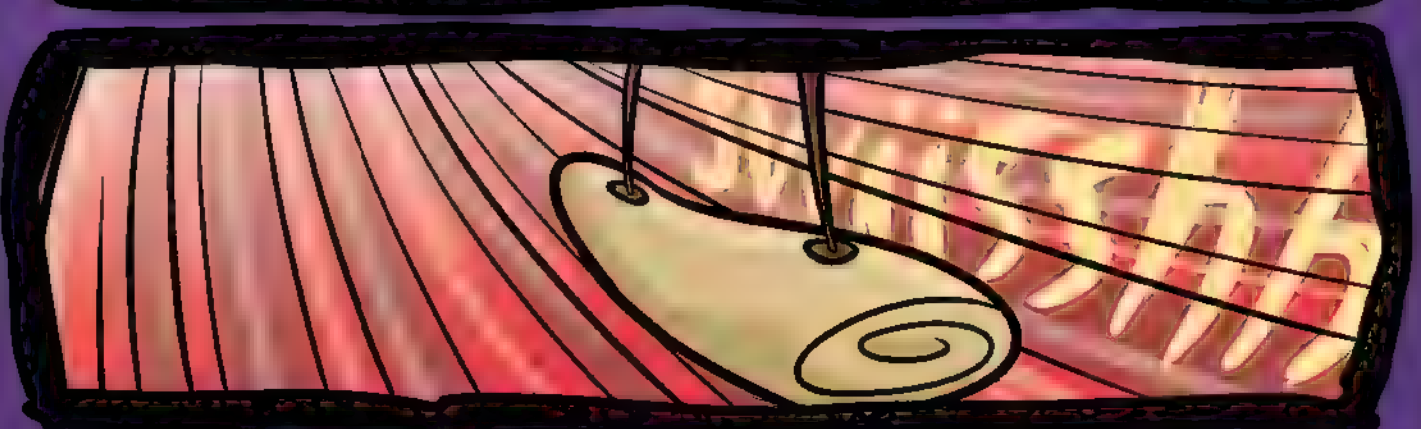
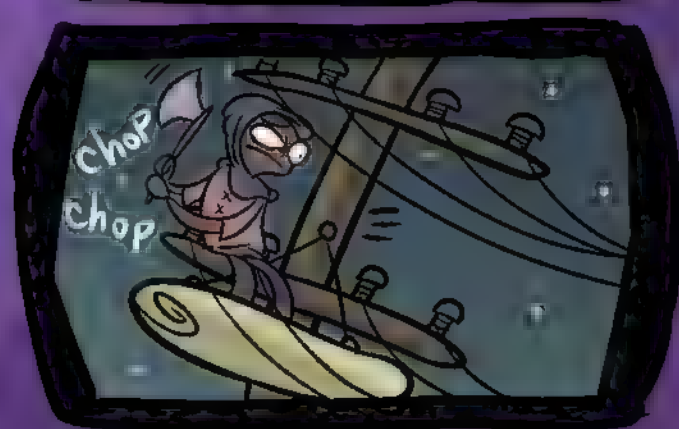
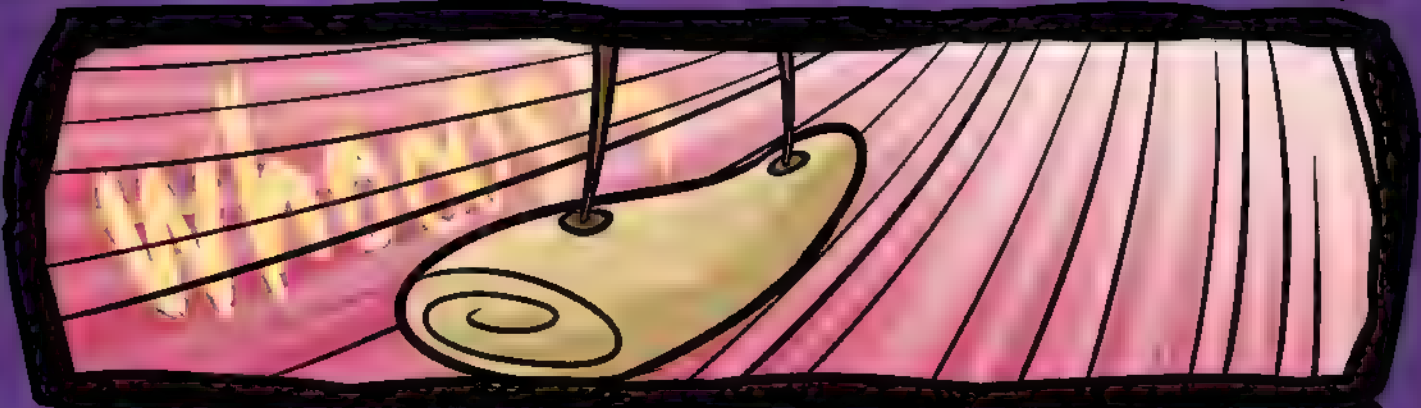
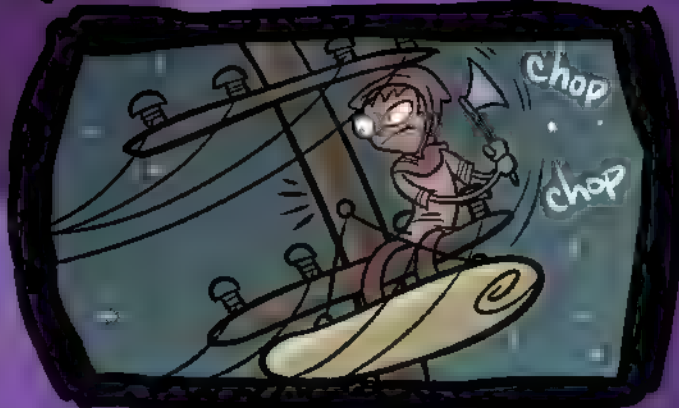
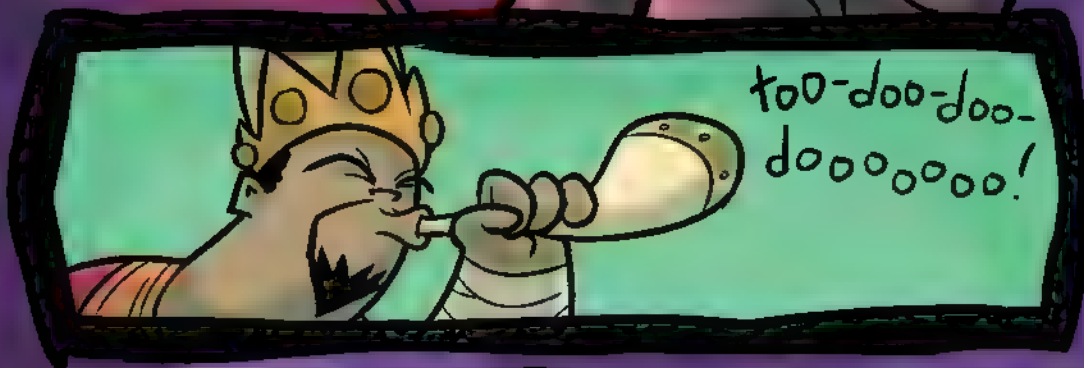
chak

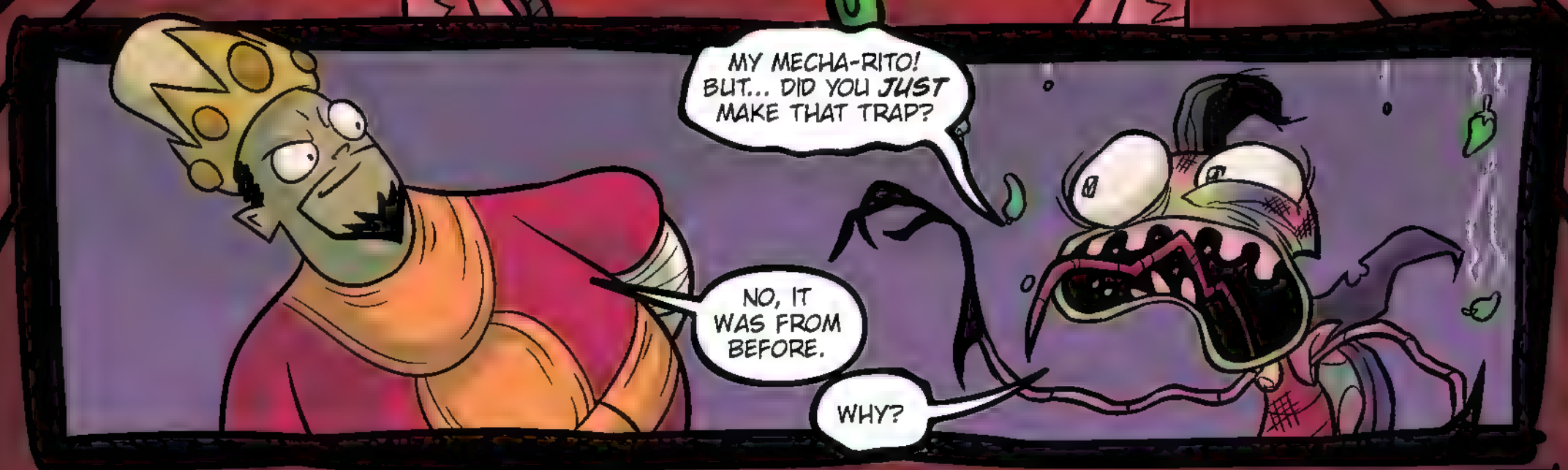
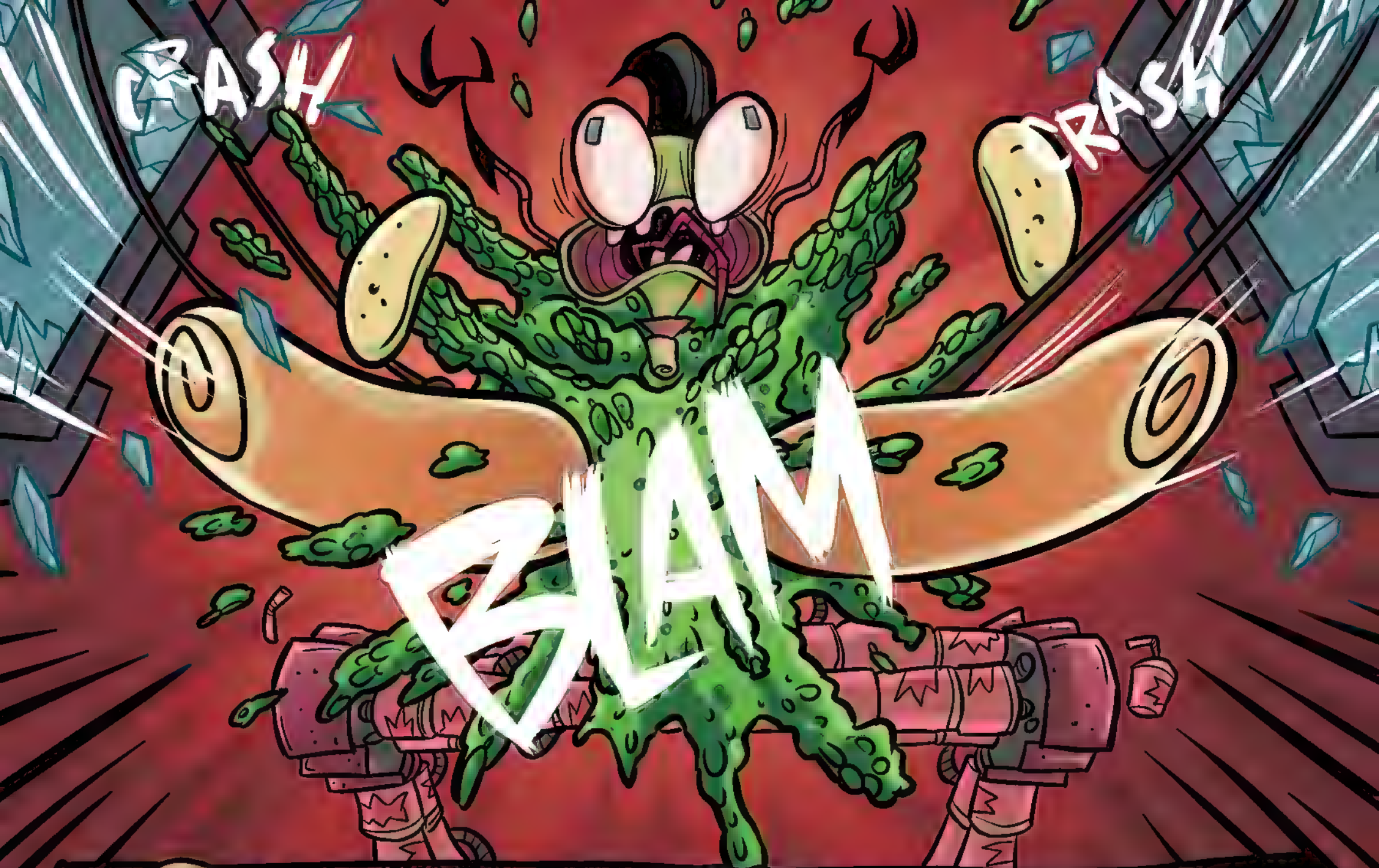
crunk

chrt

HAHAHA

HAHAHA





M. NOB SHOOBADOOB'S
THE LAST

BEANBENDER



NOT COPYING THAT IN
THEATERS EVERYWHERE

END.



CHAPTER: 4

illustration by **Warren Wucinich**

COMPUTER!
COULD YOU GET ANY
SLOWER ASSESSING
THE AMAZINGNESS OF
MY MOST HIDEOUS
SCHEME YET?!

SIMULATION COMPLETE.
THERE IS A ONE HUNDRED
PERCENT CHANCE OF VICTORY.

RRRAARRRGH!
NOT ENOUGH
PERCENTS!

THAT'S...
ALL THE
PERCENTS.

VICTORY
FOR ZIM!

IT IS?

MY CONQUER-BLOB
WAS CREATED WITH ONE
GOAL PERMEATING ITS EVERY
MUSHY CELL: CONQUER THE
EARTH FOR ZIM!

I KNOW ALL THIS.
WHO ARE YOU SAYING
ALL THIS AGAIN FOR?

I ONLY HAVE TO
WAIT FOR CONQUER-BLOB
TO GROW **BIG** ENOUGH TO
COMPLETE ITS MISSION,
AND THEN—

HEE! HEE!
HEEEEE!!!!
EEEEEEHEHHE!

GIR! KEEP
IT DOWN UP
THERE!

EEEEEH! EEEEEHH!
EHHEHHEHEHEH!

HEEEHEEHEEHEE!!

GIIIRRR!!
I'VE JUST CREATED
AN ORGANISM THAT CAN
AND **WILL** SUBJUGATE THIS
WORLD IN THE NAME OF ZIM
AND I'M **TRYING** TO
CELEBRATE!

I'M SORRY,
MASTER. I PROMISE
NEVER TO-

EEEEEEHHEEHHEE
AAAAGHGAGHAGHH!!!



WHAT'S SO
FUNNY? WHAT
IS THIS?

I WATCHIN'
FLOOPLY BLOOPS
SHMOOPSY.
EHHEHHEH.

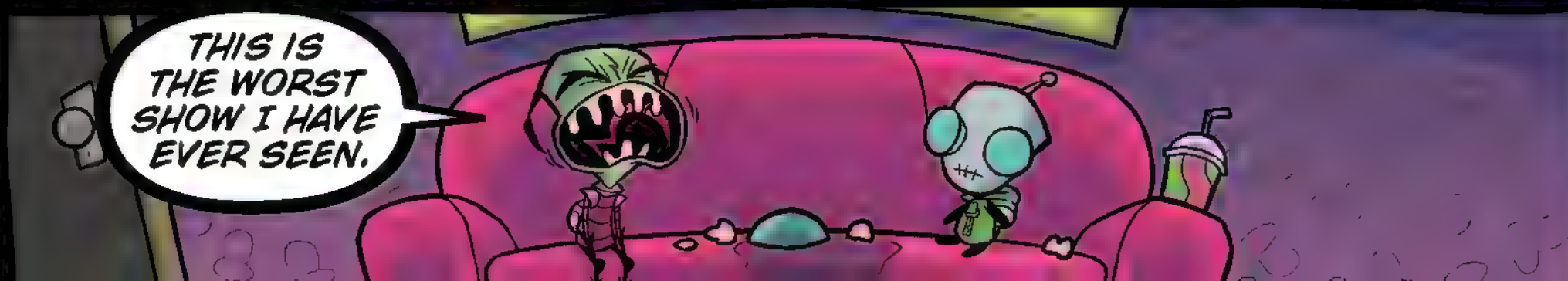
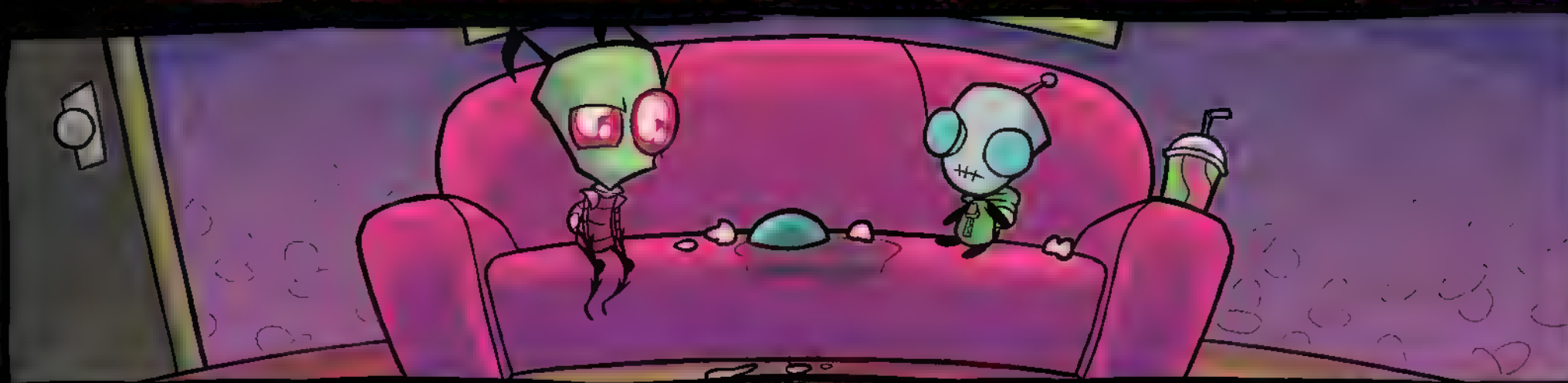
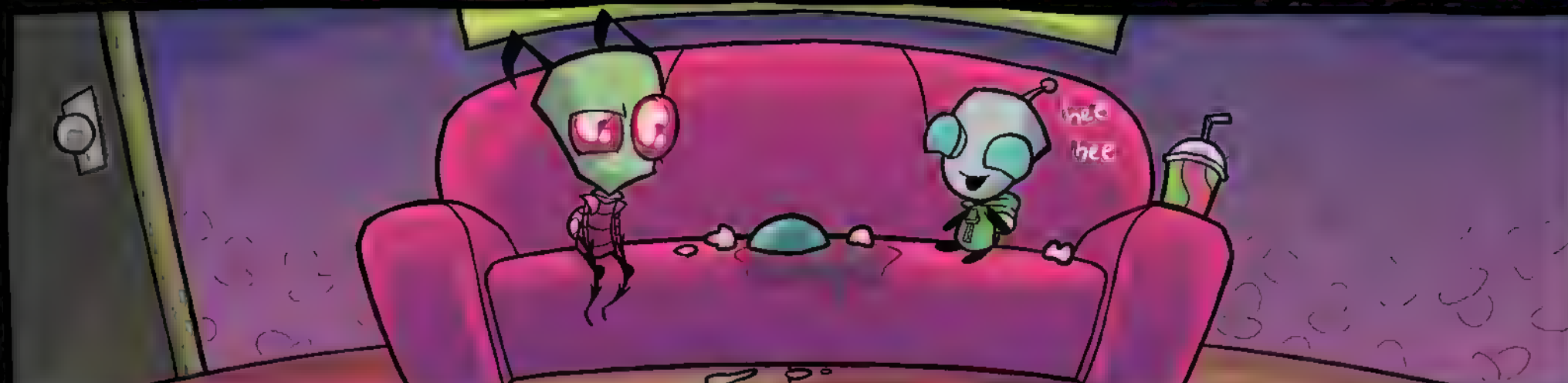
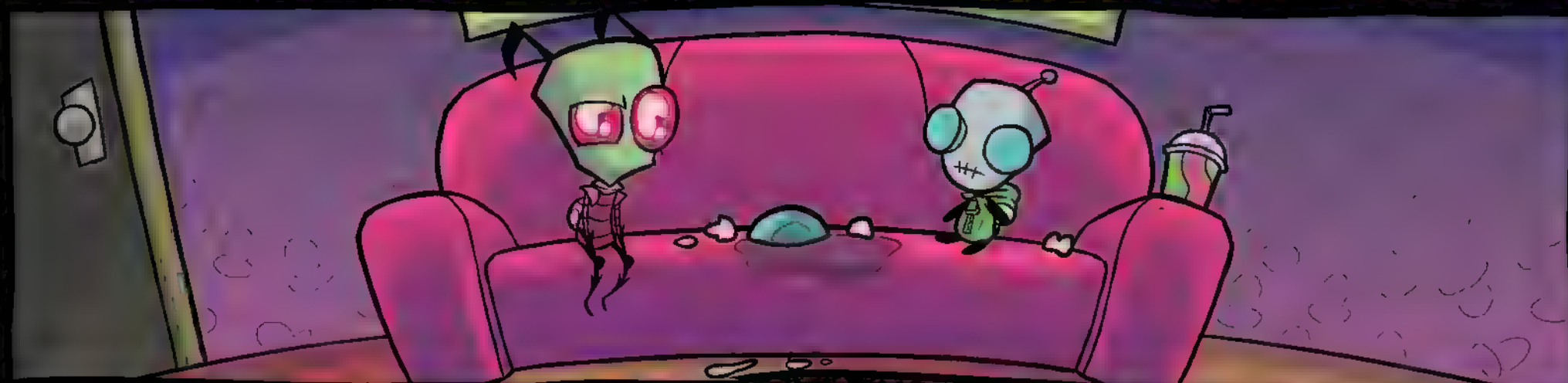
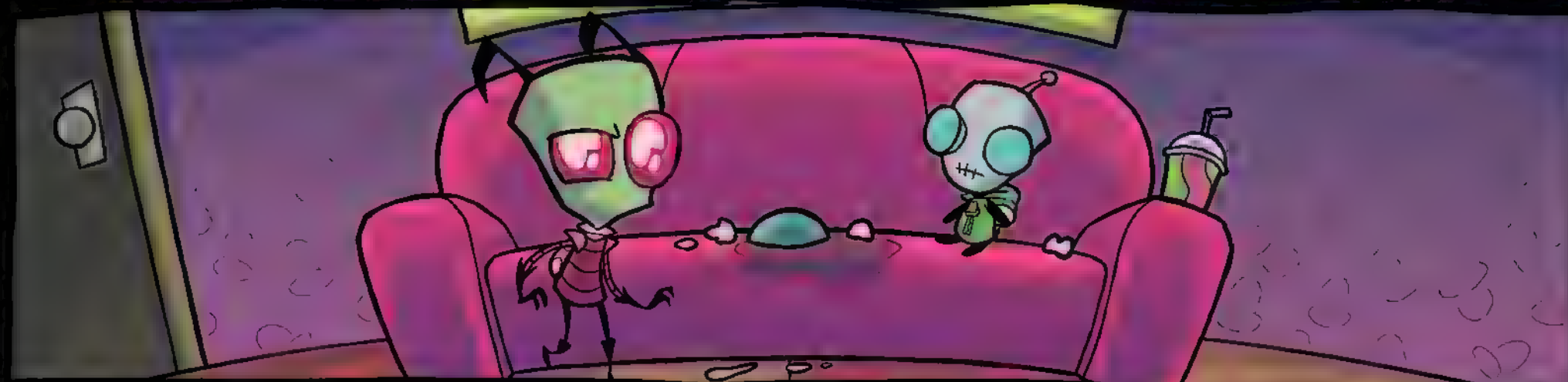
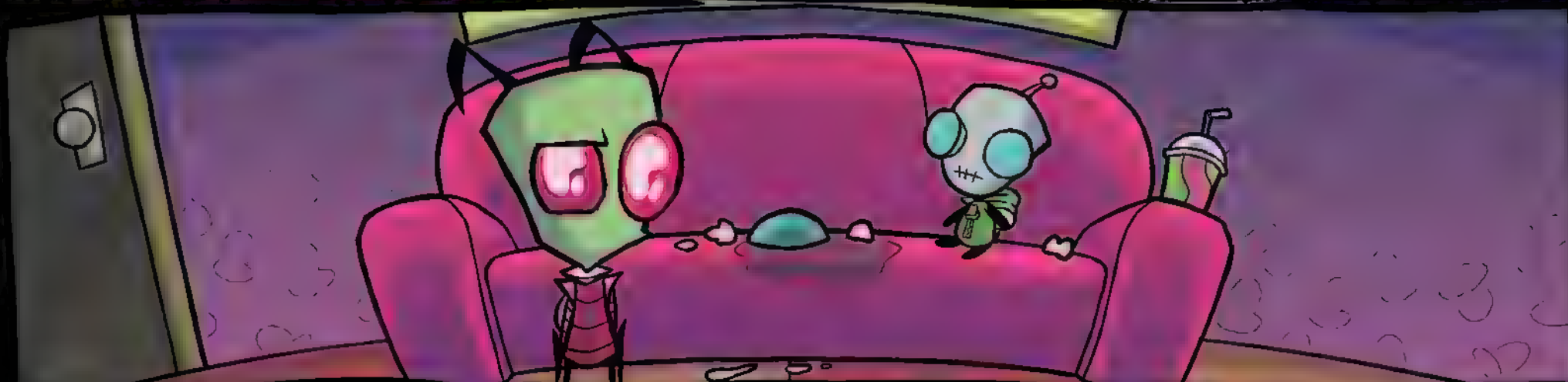
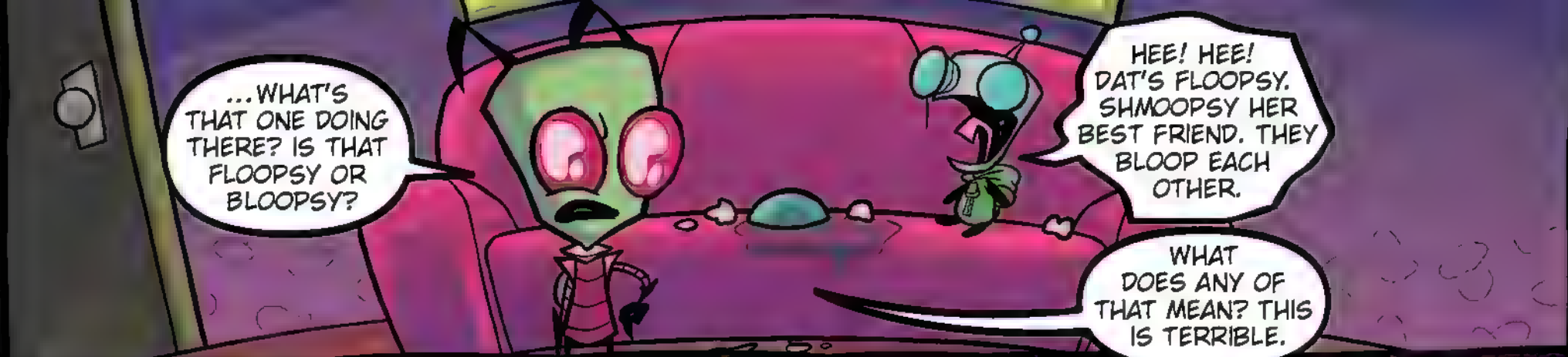
UGH!
HOW MANY TIMES
HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT
TO BINGE-WATCH THESE
HORRIBLE EARTH
CARTOONS.

TEN
MILLLLION
SHOES.

WELL,
THAT'S NOT A
NUMBER OF TIMES,
BUT-

YOU
GONNA WATCH
IT WITH ME?

NO, GIR.
I HAVE MORE
IMPORTANT
THINGS TO DO
THAN...



INVADER ZIM

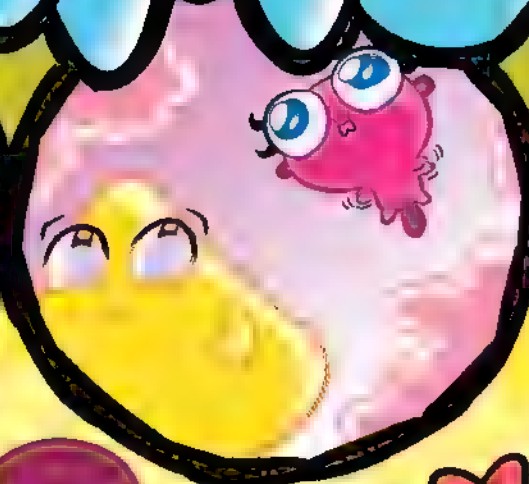
IS
INVADER
ZIM

IN

FLOORPSY

BLUZZPSY

SNODORPSY



FIVE HOURS LATER

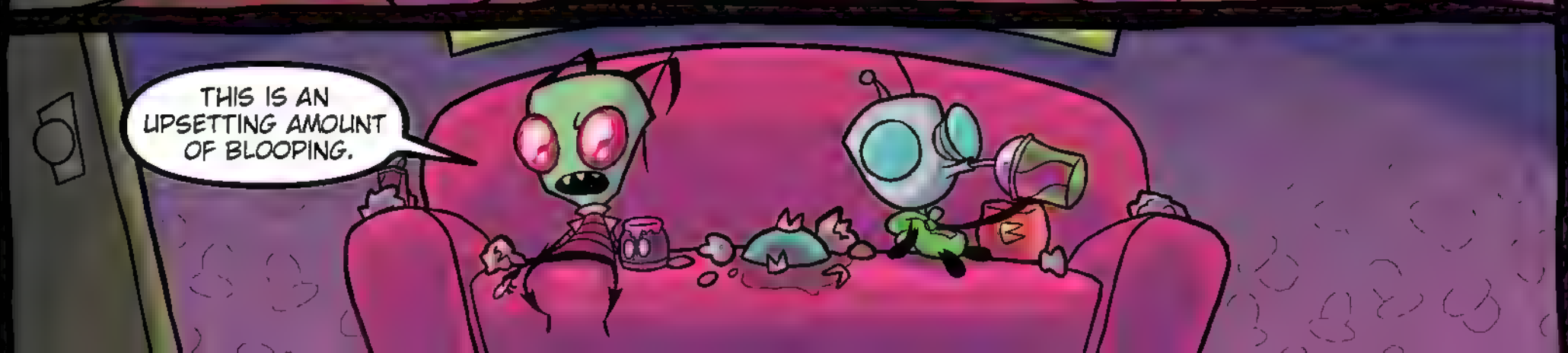
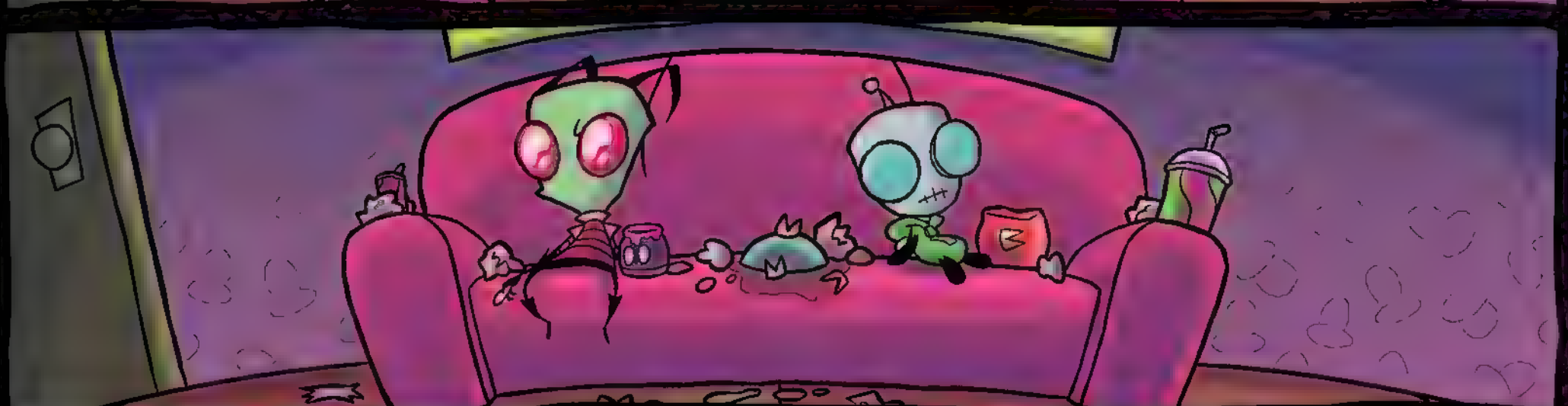
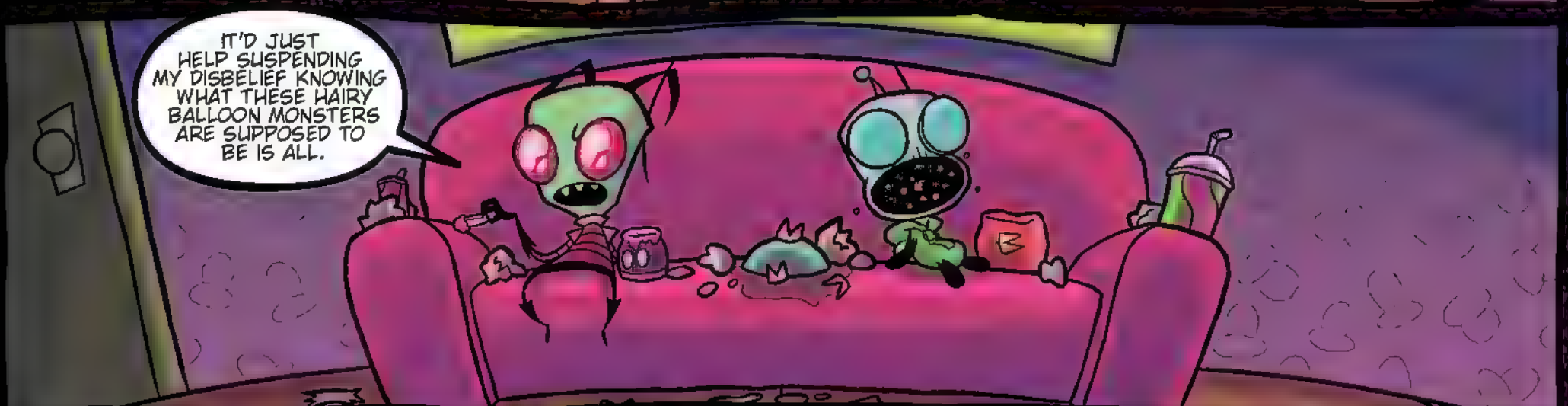
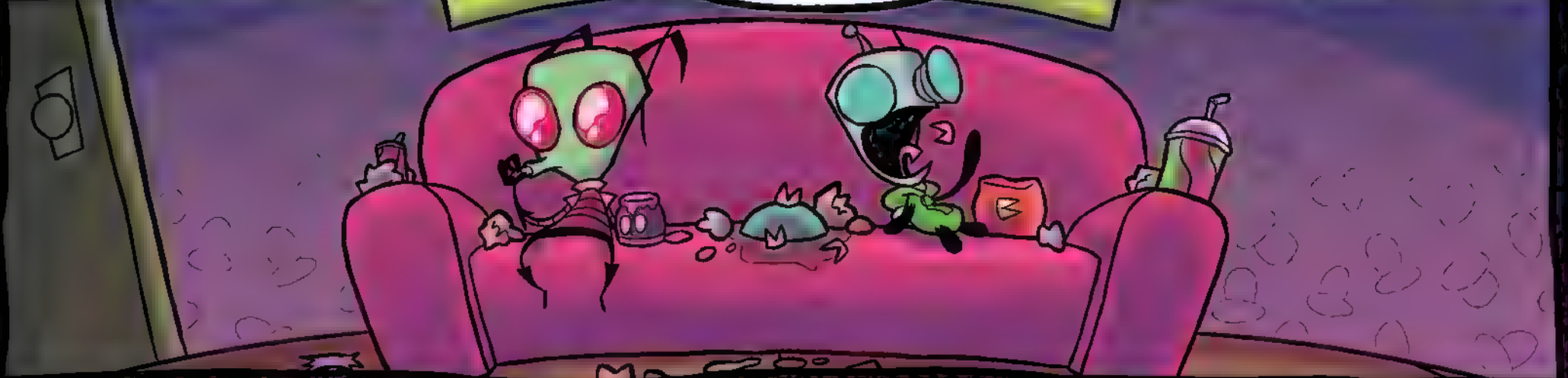
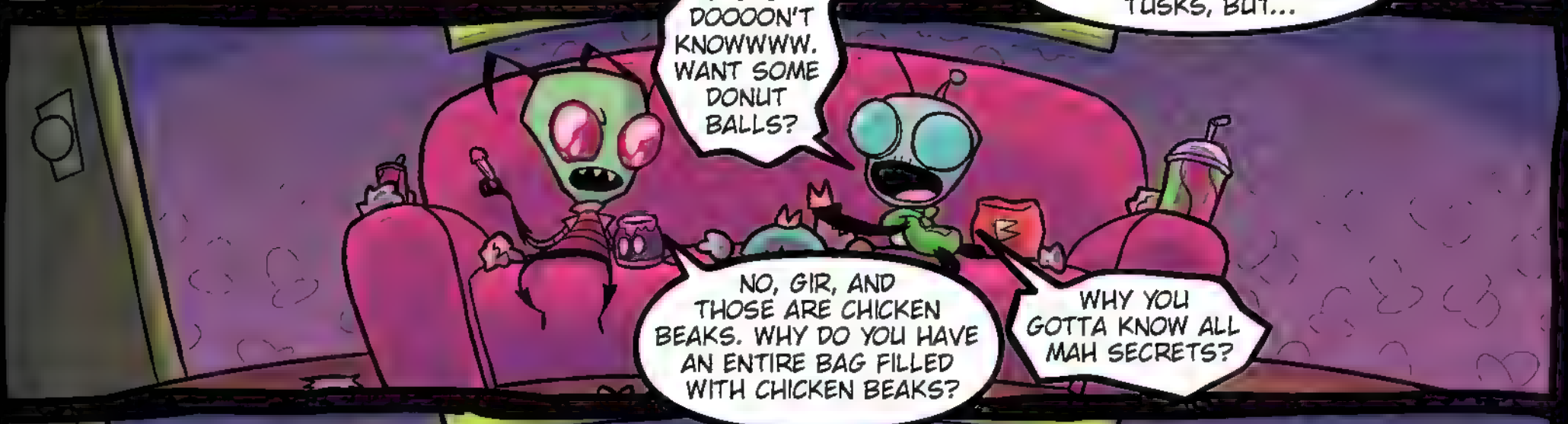
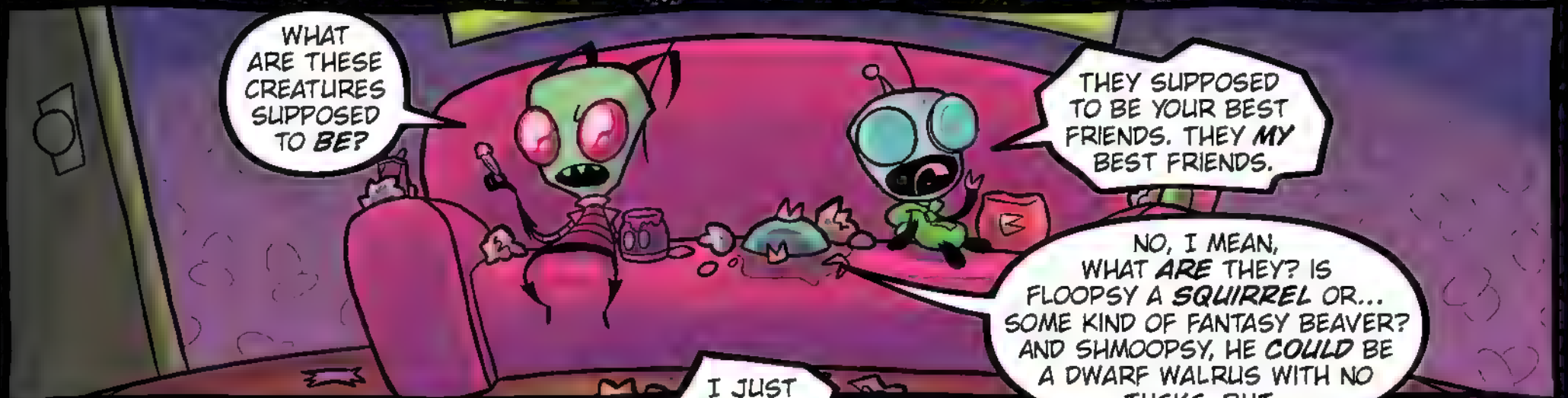
SO WHY DOES FLOOPSY **BLOOP** SHMOOPSY SO MUCH. I'VE BEEN OBSERVING SHMOOPSY'S BEHAVIOR FOR SOME TIME NOW AND I'VE SEEN NO **TRUE** EVIDENCE OF BLOOP WORTHINESS.

SHE JUST **DO**. EVERYBODY BLOOPS SHMOOPSY.

HIGHLY UNBEEELIEVABLE!!!

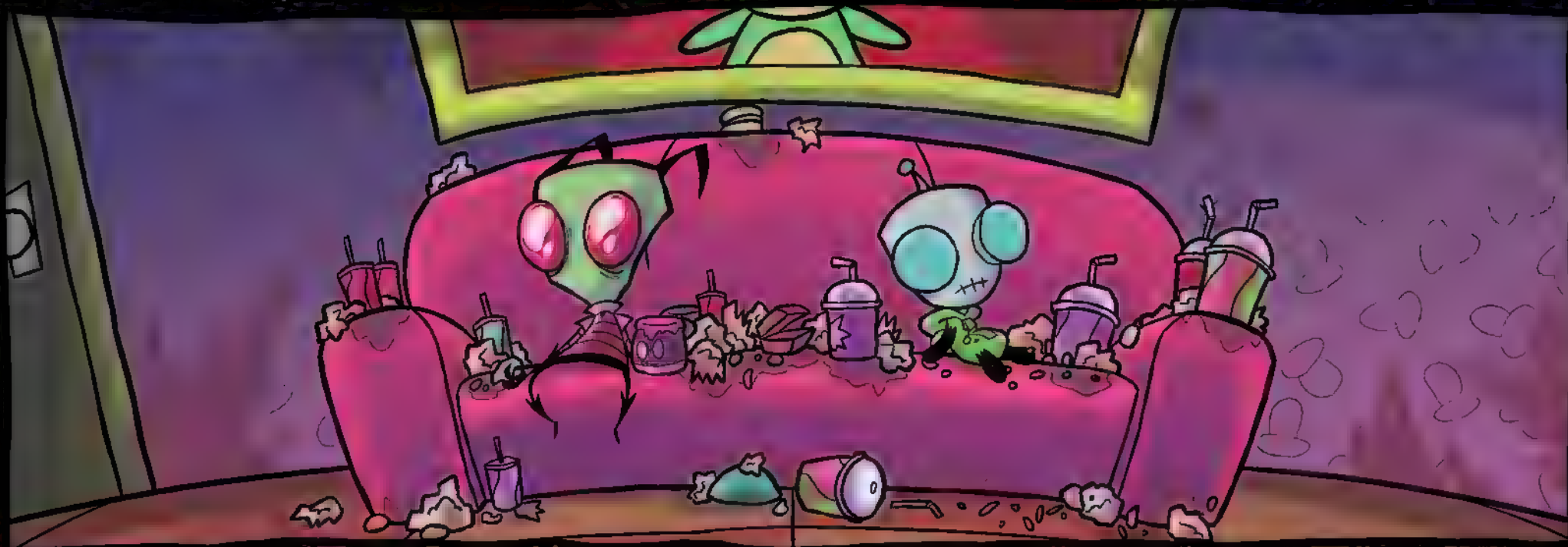
HEHEHE!
LOOKIT HIS HEAD.

TEN HOURS LATER





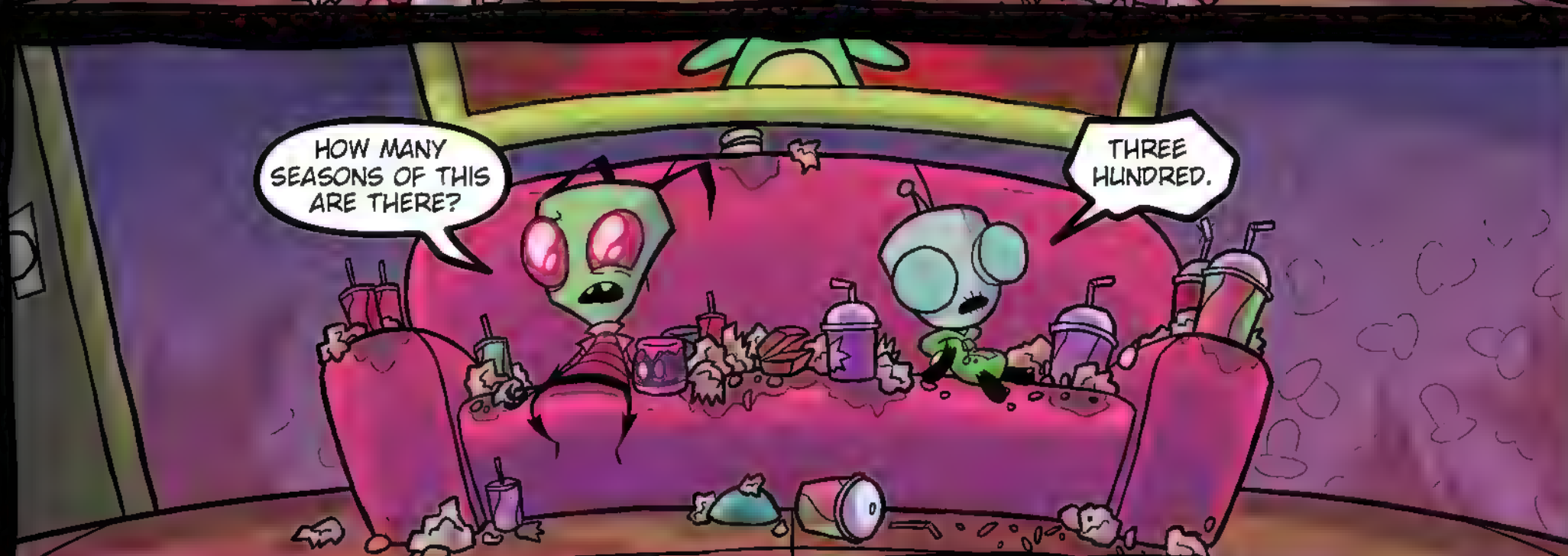
ONE WEEK LATER





HOW MANY SEASONS OF THIS ARE THERE?

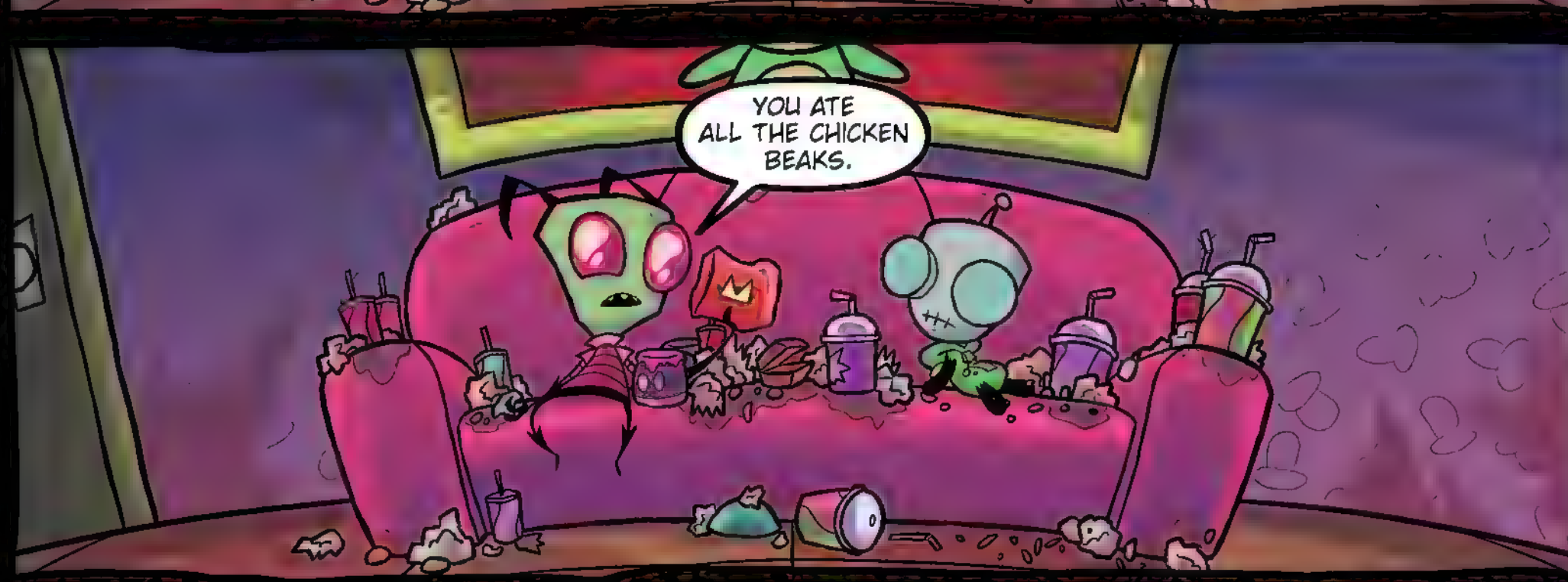
THREE HUNDRED.



Noooooooooooooooooooo!



YOU ATE ALL THE CHICKEN BEAKS.



HELLO? HELLOOOO?





MY MASTER!
I AM FILLED WITH
THE NEED TO CRUSH THIS
WORLD INTO SUBMISSION
FOR YOU!



HUH?
OH, EHHH...
RIGHT.

WHO THAT
MONSTER RIGHT
THERE?

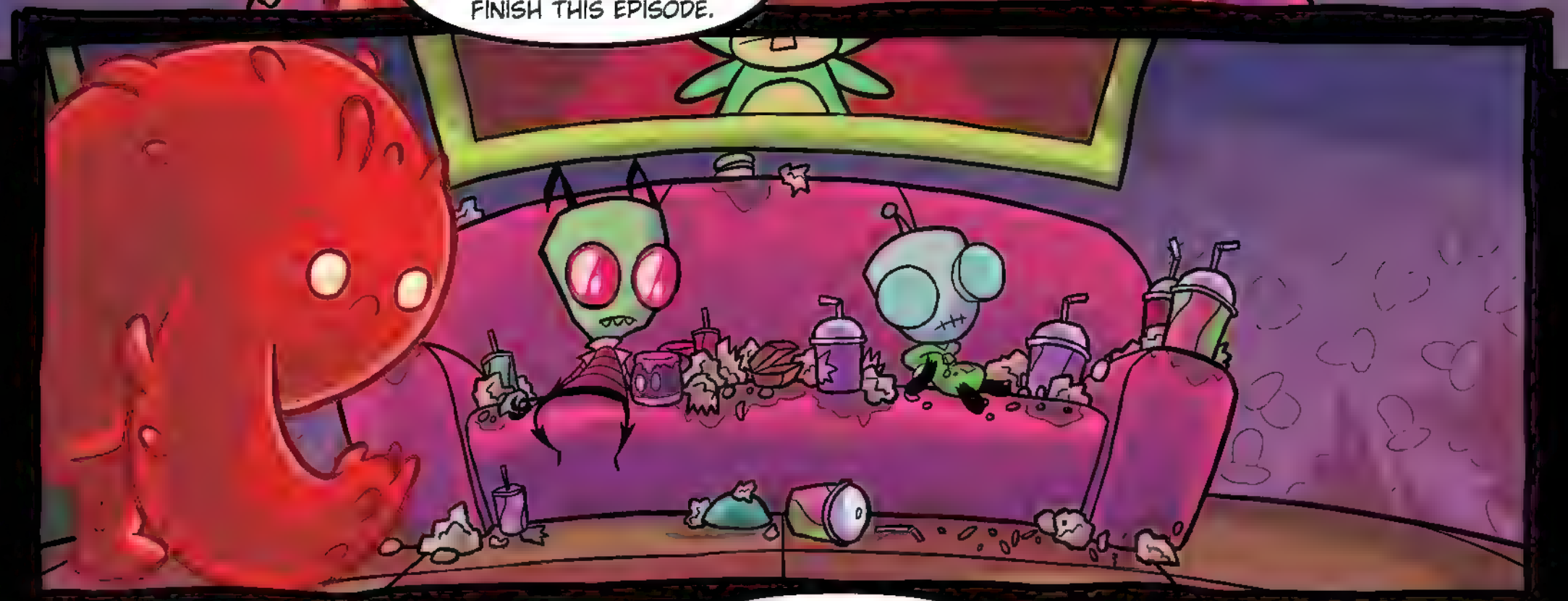
THAT'S, UH, THAT'S
WHAT I CAME UP HERE TO TELL
YOU TO BE QUIET FOR, GIR—MY
CONQUER-BLOB, THE FINAL SCOURGE
THAT SHALL BRING THE HUMANS
TO THEIR WEIRD KNEES!

THAT'S
NEAT. HE IN
THE WAY
OF TV!



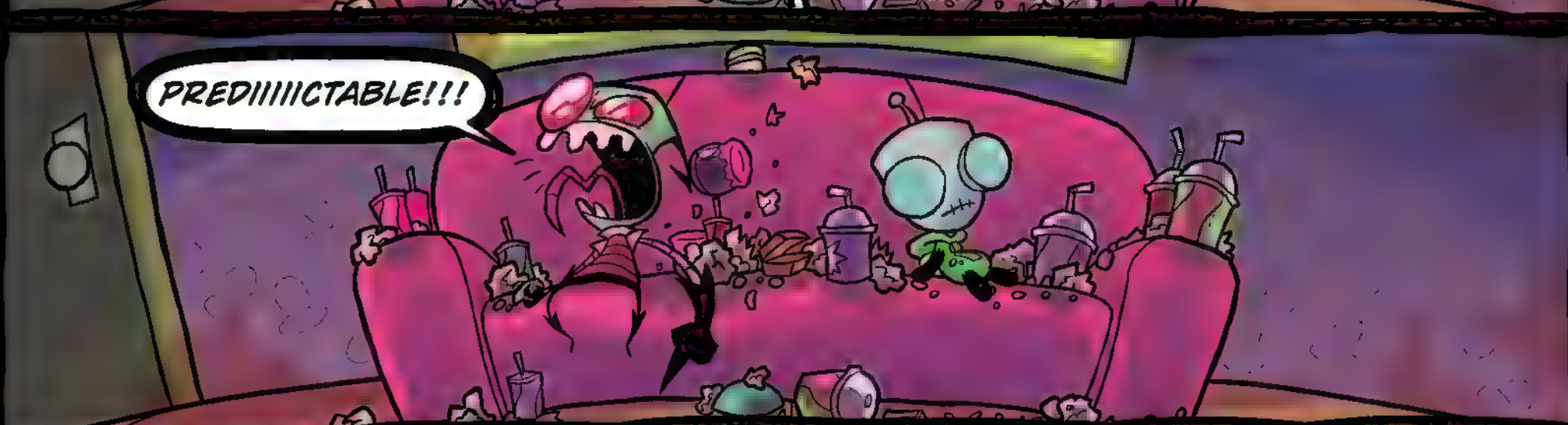
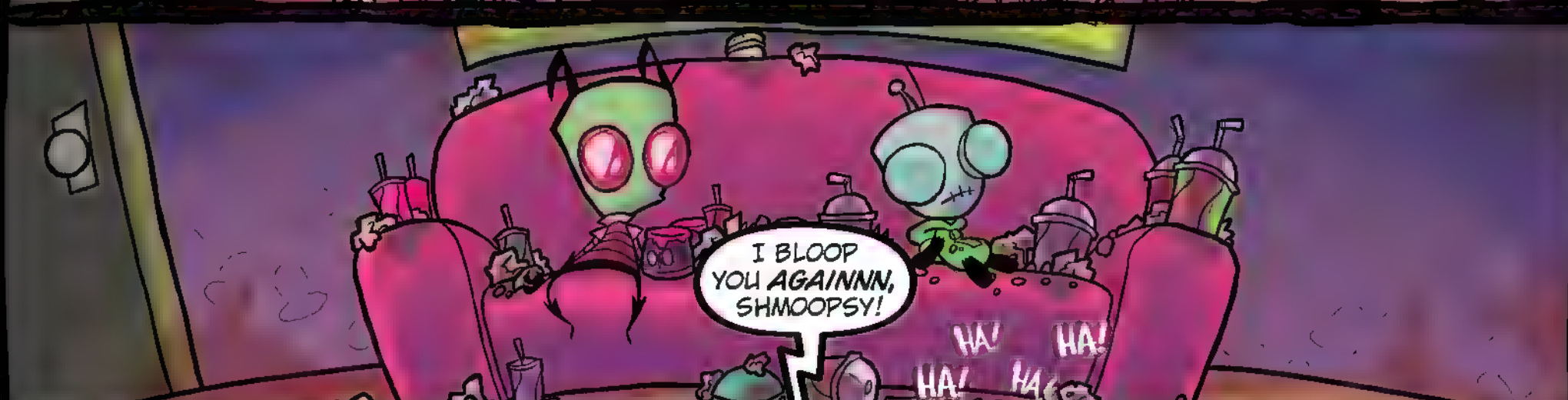
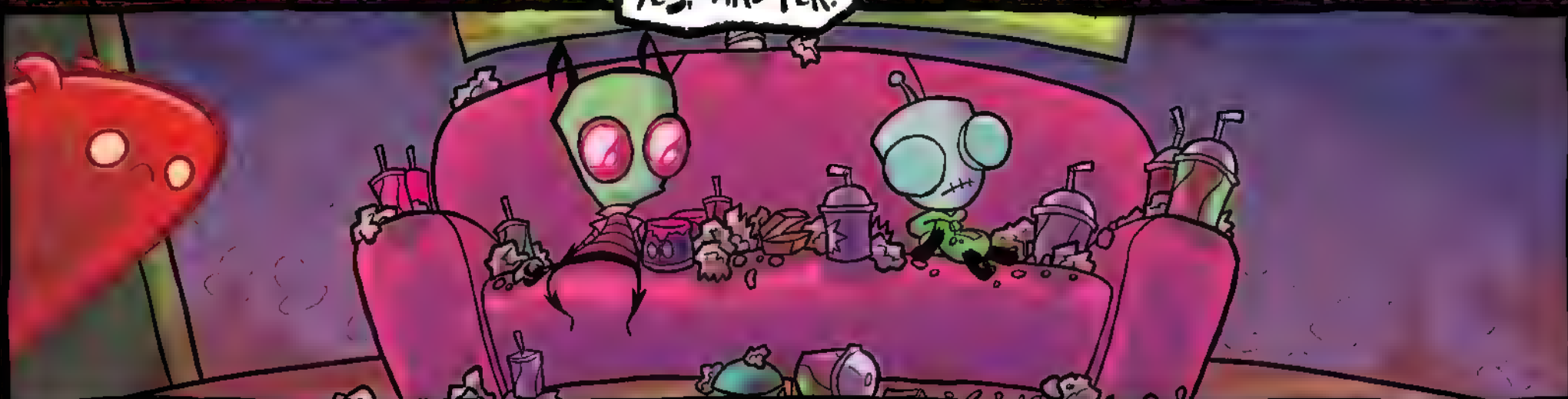
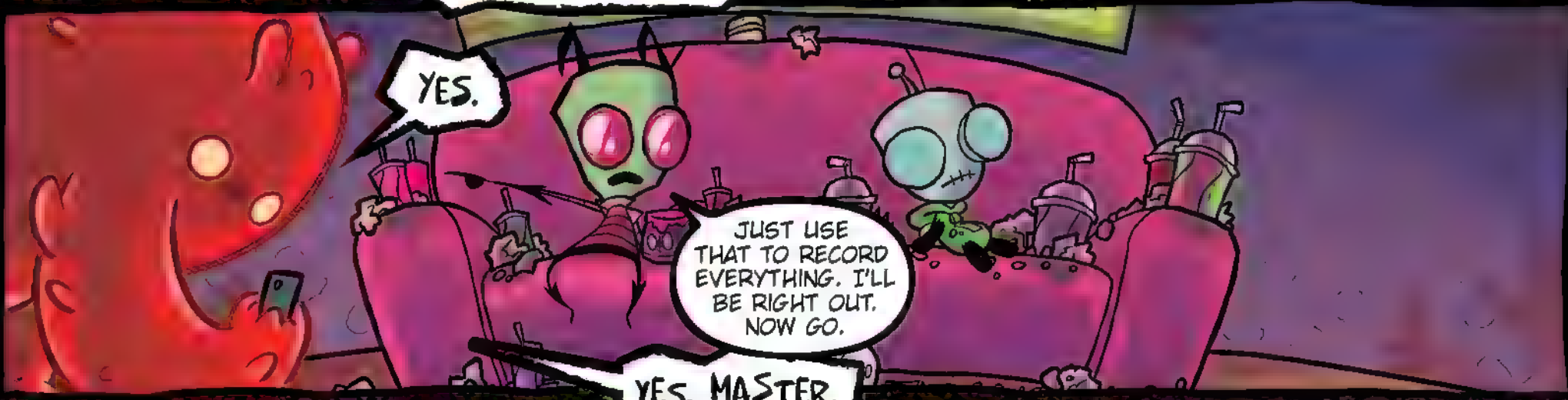
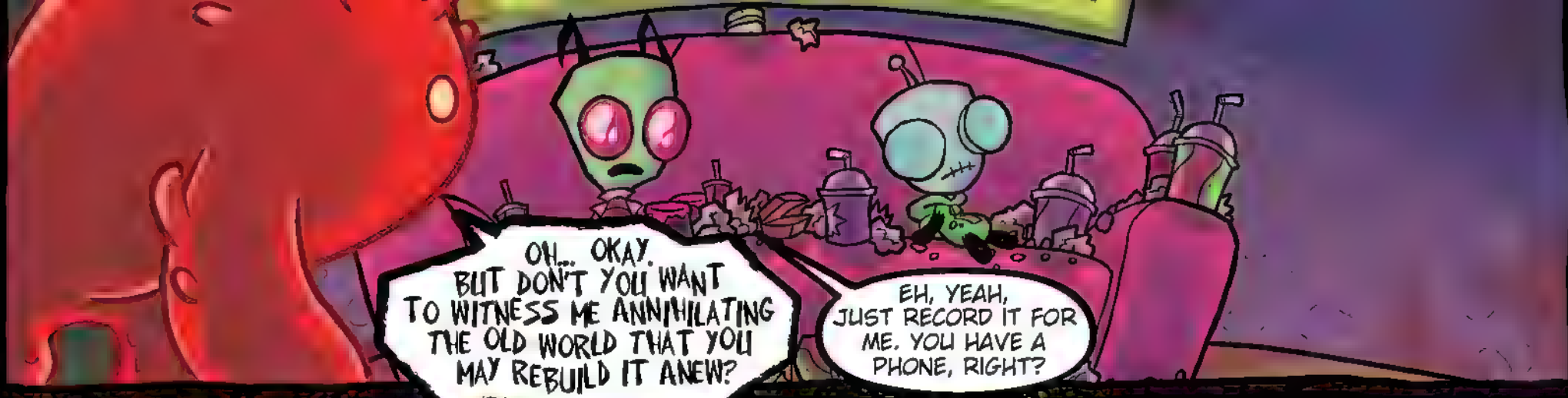
EVERY MOMENT I
AM NOT CONQUERING IS
TORTURE, MASTER! JUST
SAY THE WORD!

OH, SURE. YOU...
YOU GO ON OUT THERE AND
DO YOUR THING, SHATTER THE
WILLS OF THE HUMANS AND
STUFF. I JUST NEED TO
FINISH THIS EPISODE.

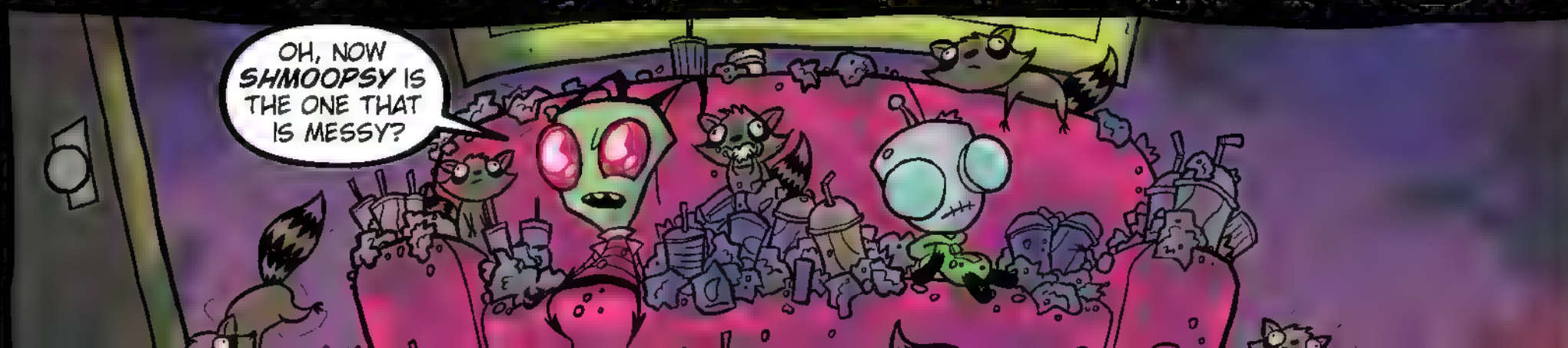


THEY EXPECT ME
TO BELIEVE THAT FLOOPLY
SUDDENLY DOESN'T BLOOPY
SHMOOPLY. THE WRITING
IN THIS SHOW...





ONE MONTH LATER



IN SEASON
130 EPISODE 500—
THAT'S ANOTHER THING,
THESE SEASONS ARE WAY
TOO LONG—IT WAS FLOOPSY
WHO HAD TO LEARN TO PICK
UP AFTER HERSELF.
THAT'S JUST SLOPPY
STORYTELLING.

YEAHHHH!

I CAN SEE
WHY THIS SHOW
WAS CANCEL—

AAAAAGH!
AAAAAGH!

I CAN
SEE WHY—

AAAAAGH!
AAAAAGH!

WHAT
ALL THAT
NOISE?

THAT'S
PROBABLY
CONQUER-BLOB
RAINING ZIM'S WRATH
DOWN UPON EARTH.
THAT SORTA THING
TAKES A WHILE.

I CAN'T
HEAR FLOOPSY'S
BLOOPIN'.

COMPUTER!
NOISE CANCELLING!
THE BLOODCURDLING
SCREAMS OF HUMANITY'S
END IS MAKING IT HARD TO
HEAR THIS PATHETIC
DIALOGUE!

AAAAAGH!
AAAAAGH!

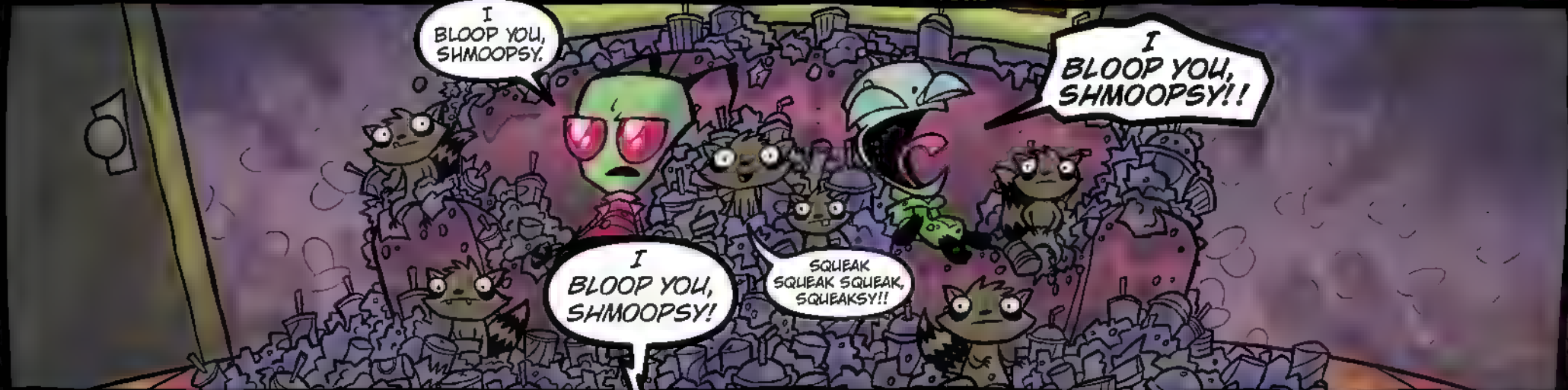
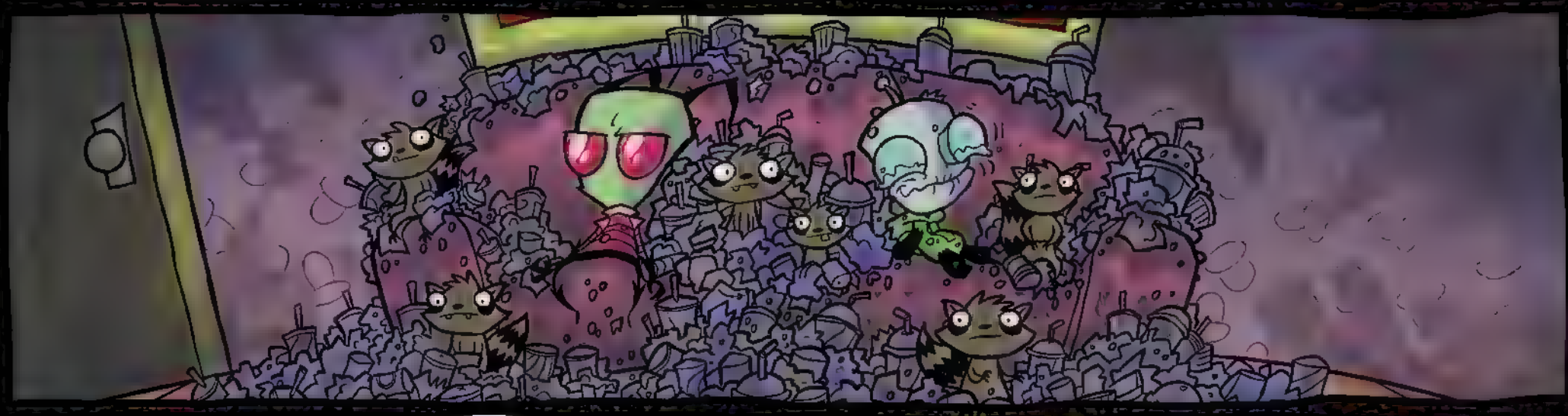
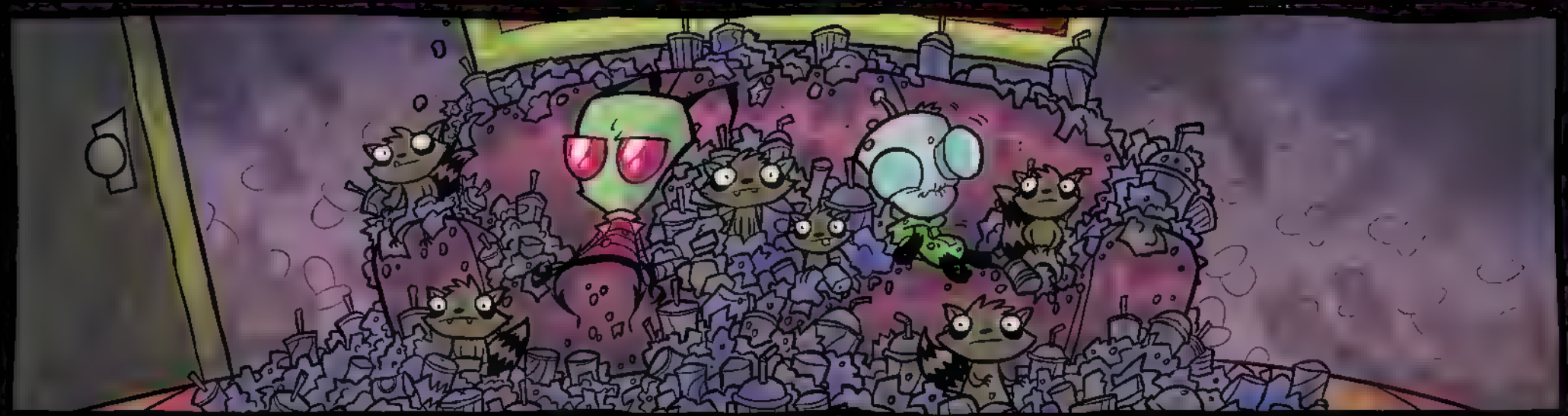
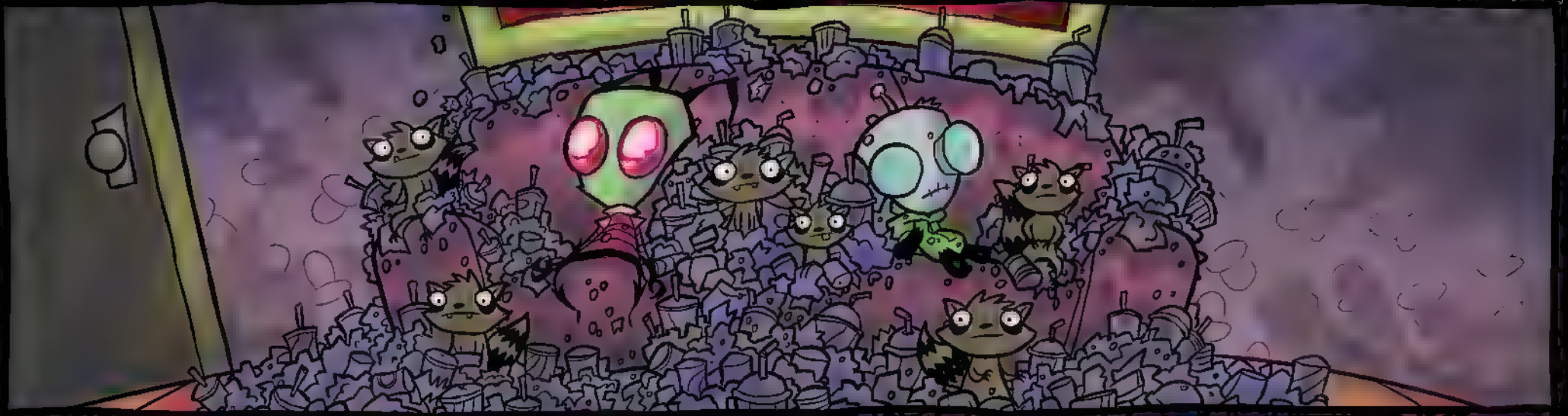
AAAAAGH! bleh

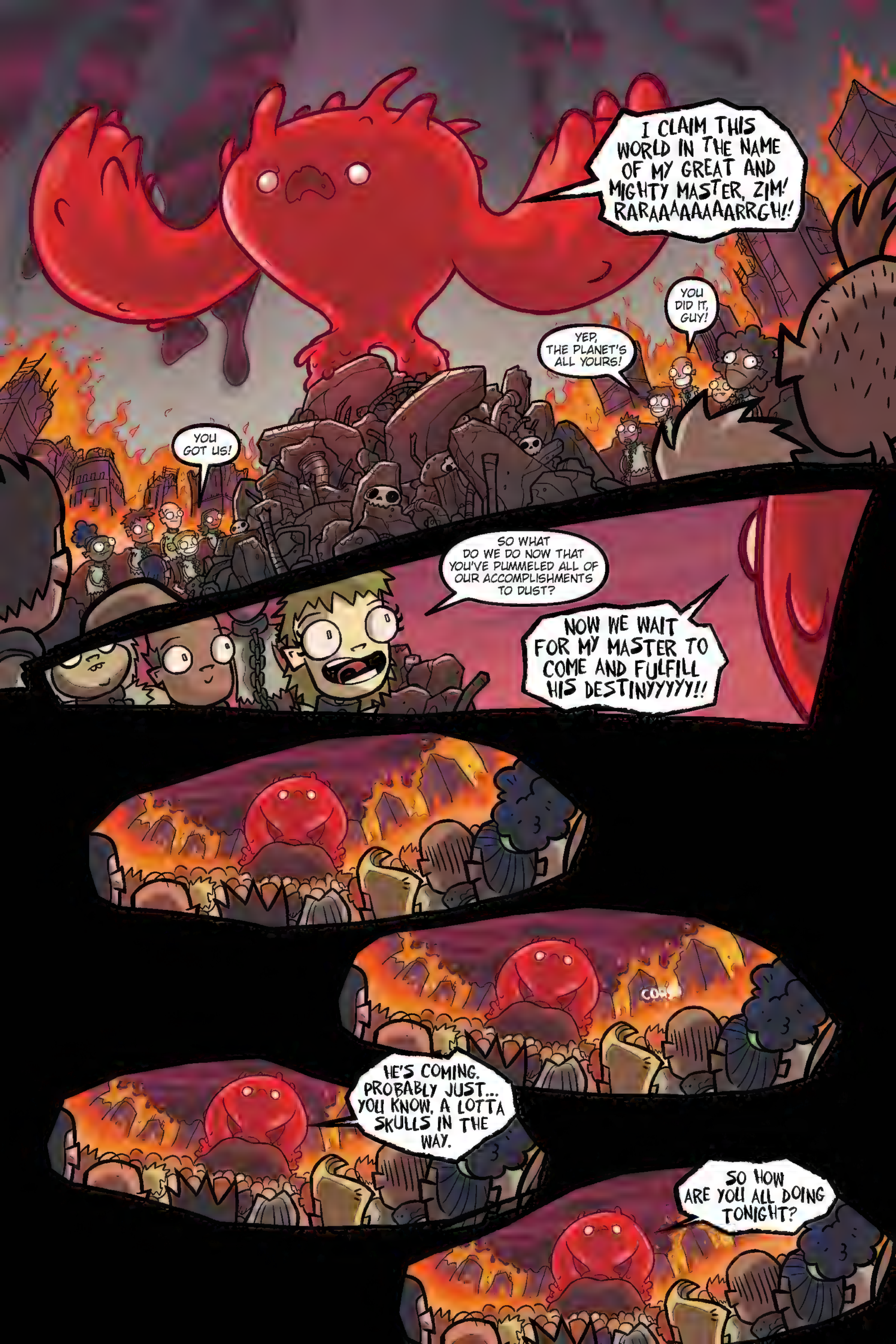
BETTER.

GIR,
THAT RACCOON
IS EATING YOUR
LEG.

DAT'S
WILMA.

TWO MONTHS LATER





I CLAIM THIS
WORLD IN THE NAME
OF MY GREAT AND
MIGHTY MASTER, ZIM!
RARAAAAAARRGH!!

YOU
DID IT,
GUY!

YEP,
THE PLANET'S
ALL YOURS!

YOU
GOT US!

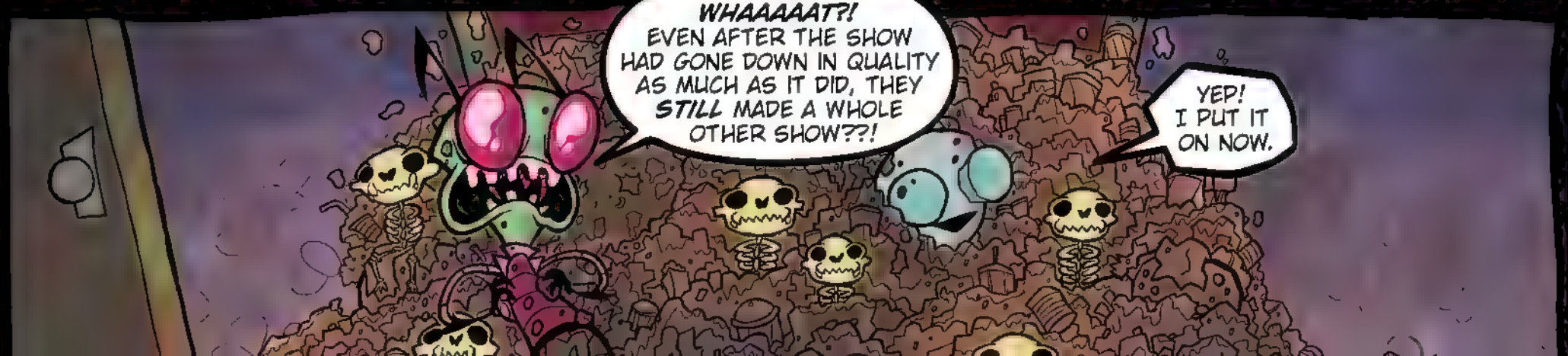
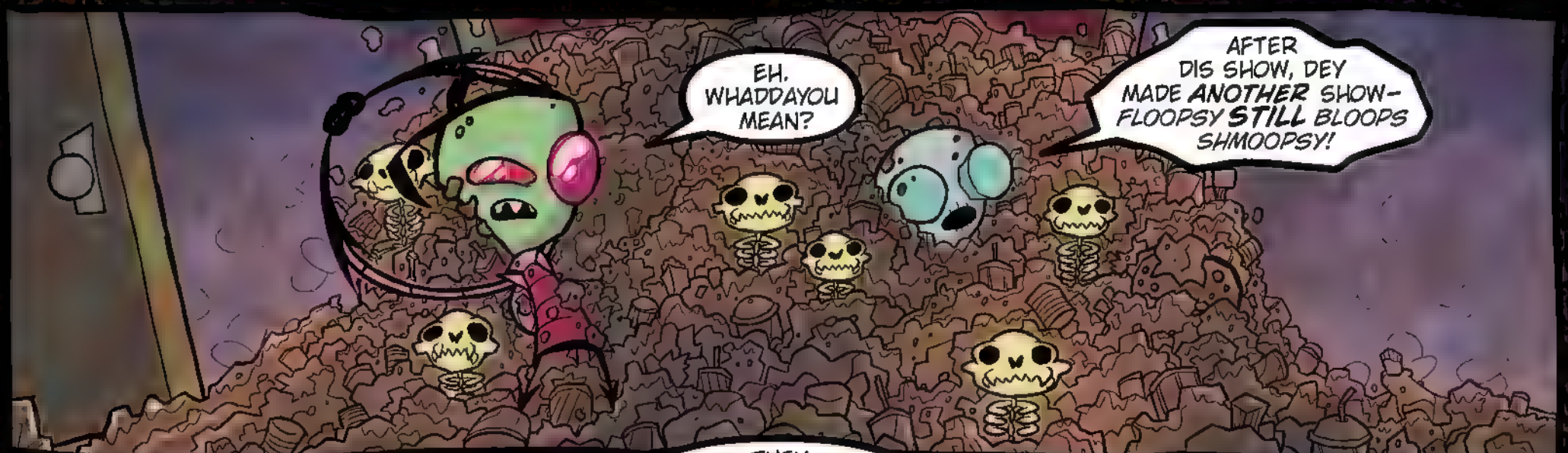
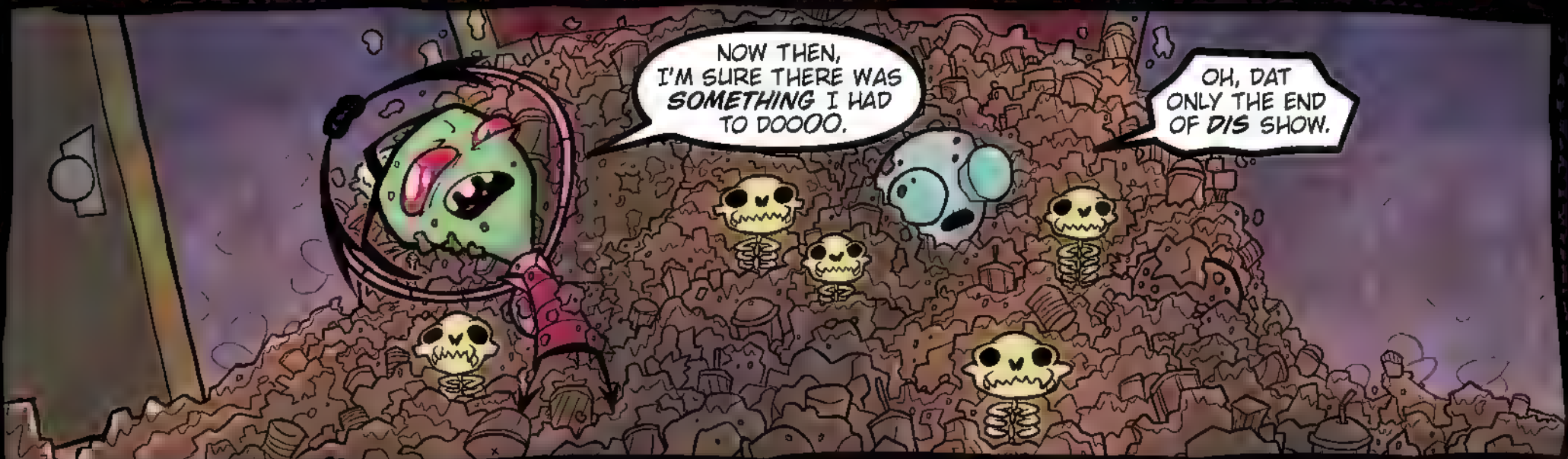
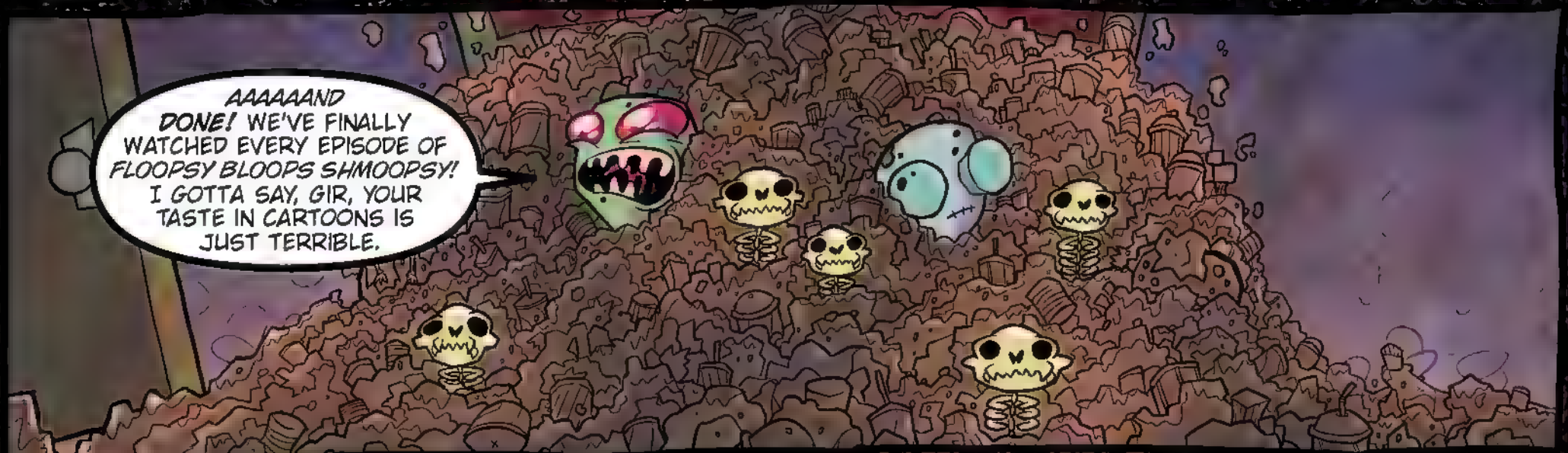
SO WHAT
DO WE DO NOW THAT
YOU'VE PUMMELED ALL OF
OUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS
TO DUST?

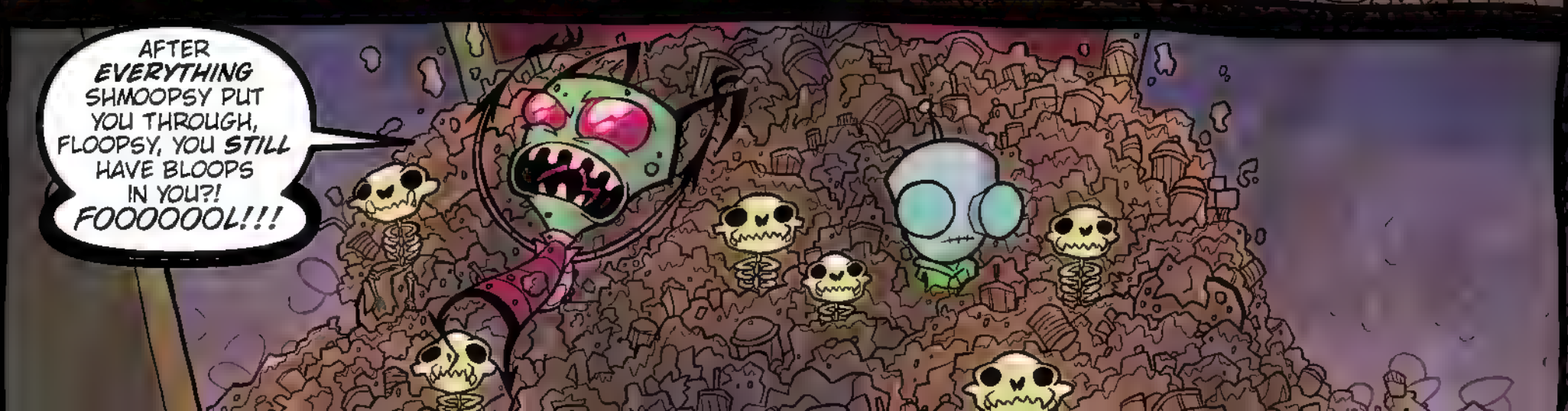
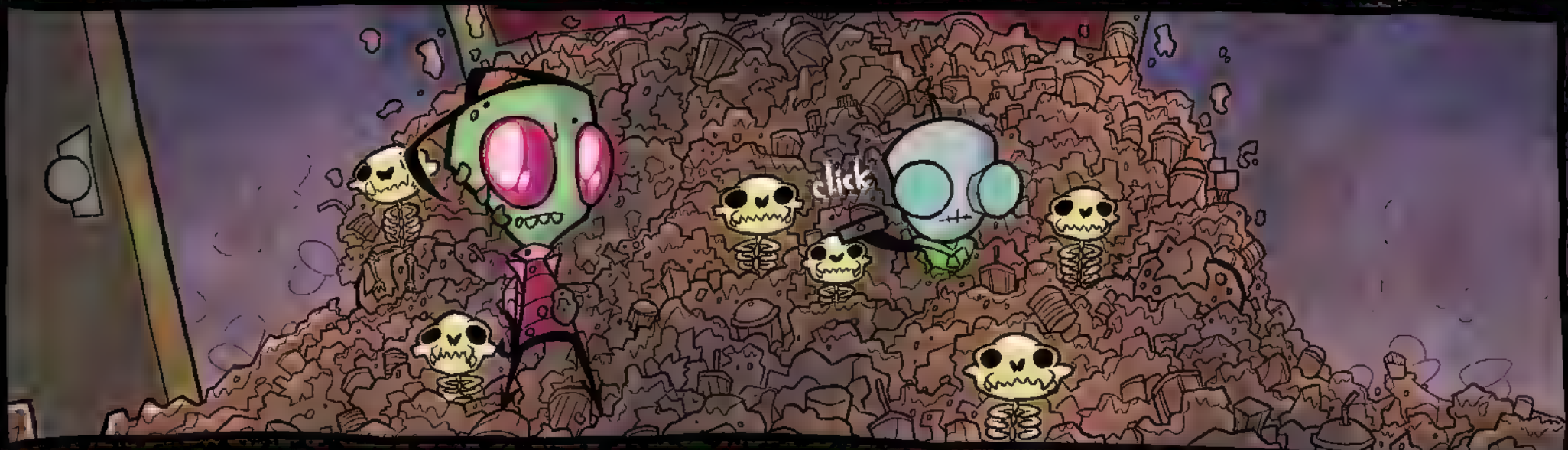
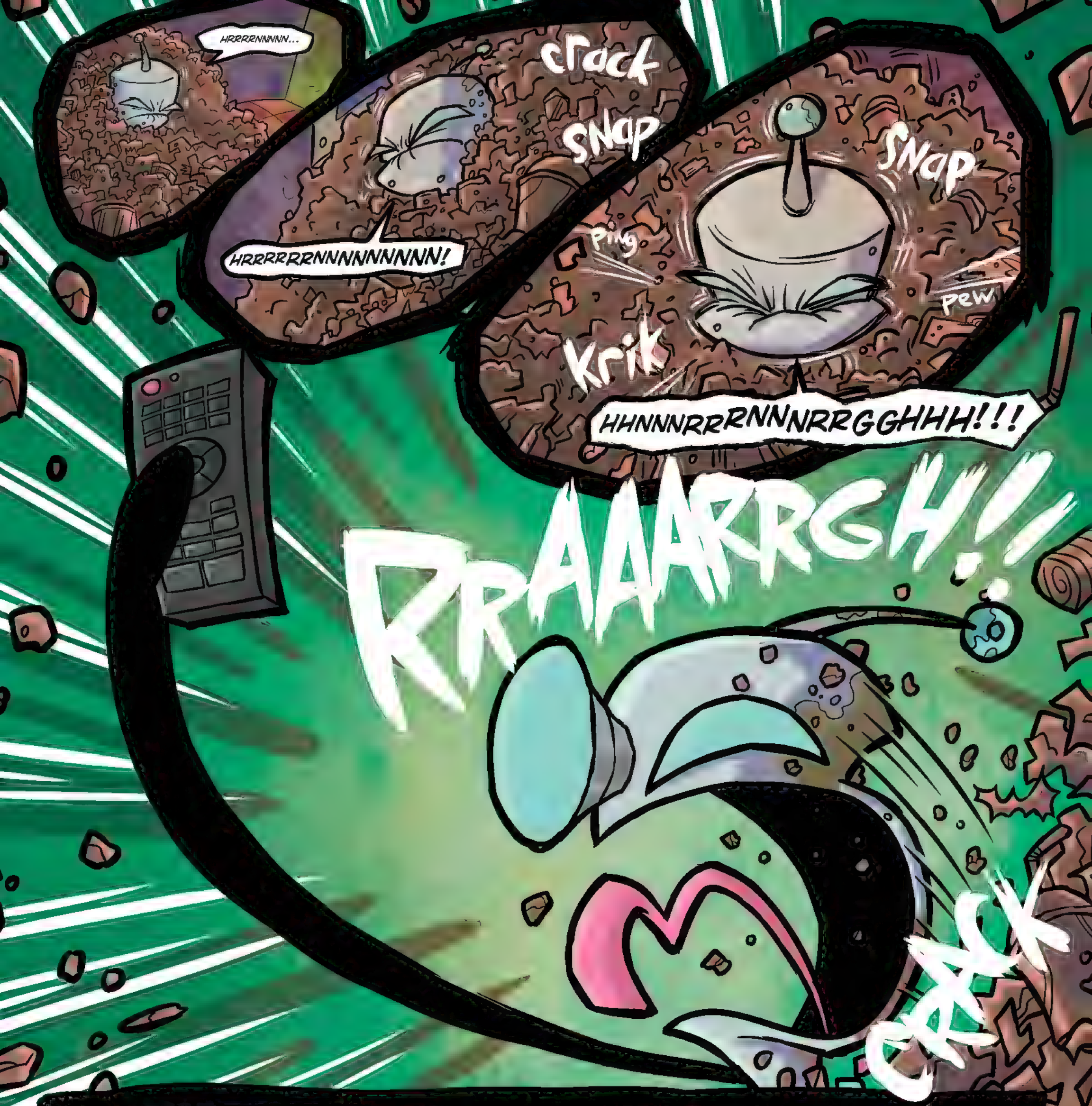
NOW WE WAIT
FOR MY MASTER TO
COME AND FULFILL
HIS DESTINYYYYYY!!

HE'S COMING.
PROBABLY JUST...
YOU KNOW, A LOTTA
SKULLS IN THE
WAY.

SO HOW
ARE YOU ALL DOING
TONIGHT?

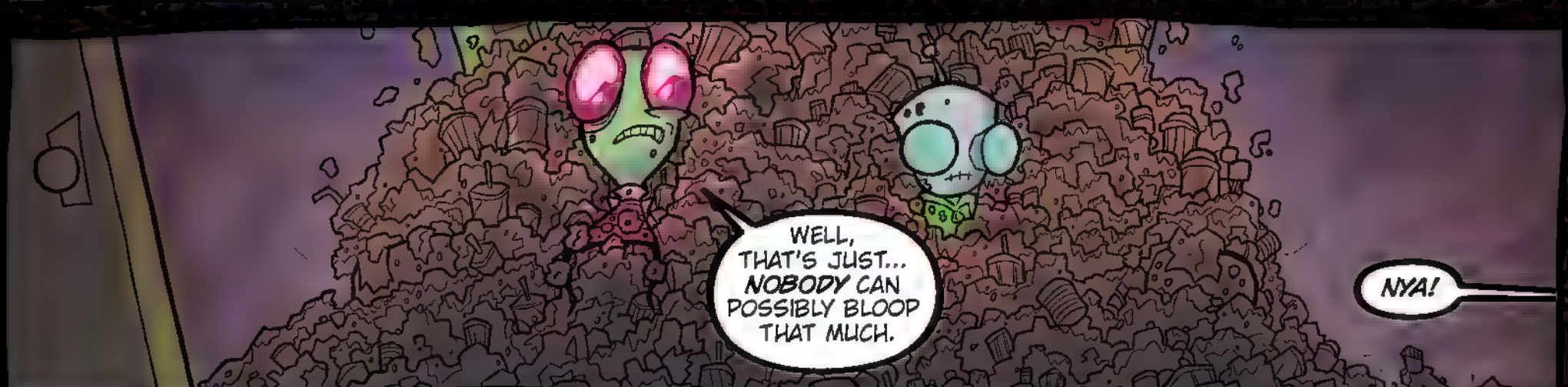
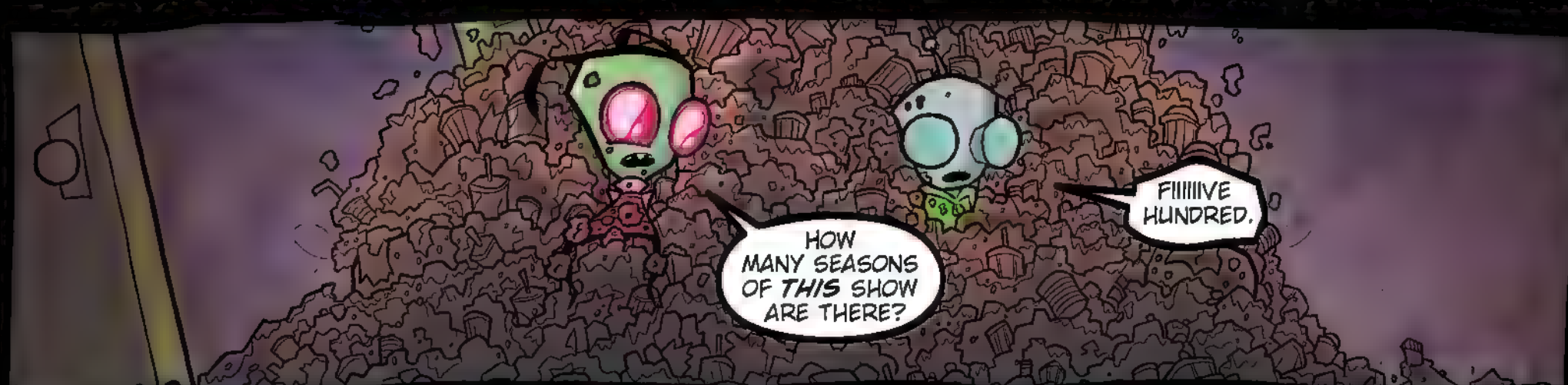
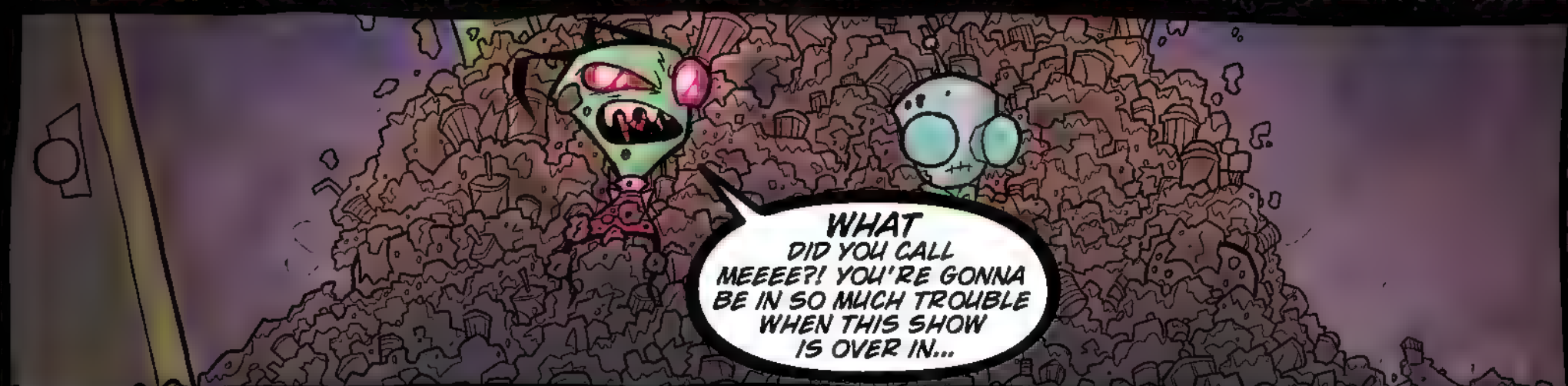
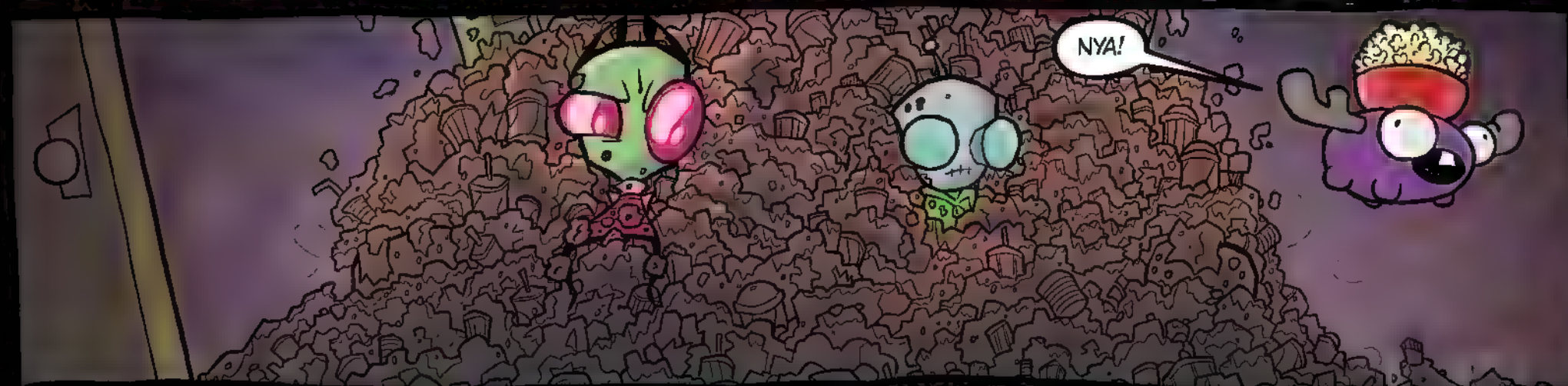
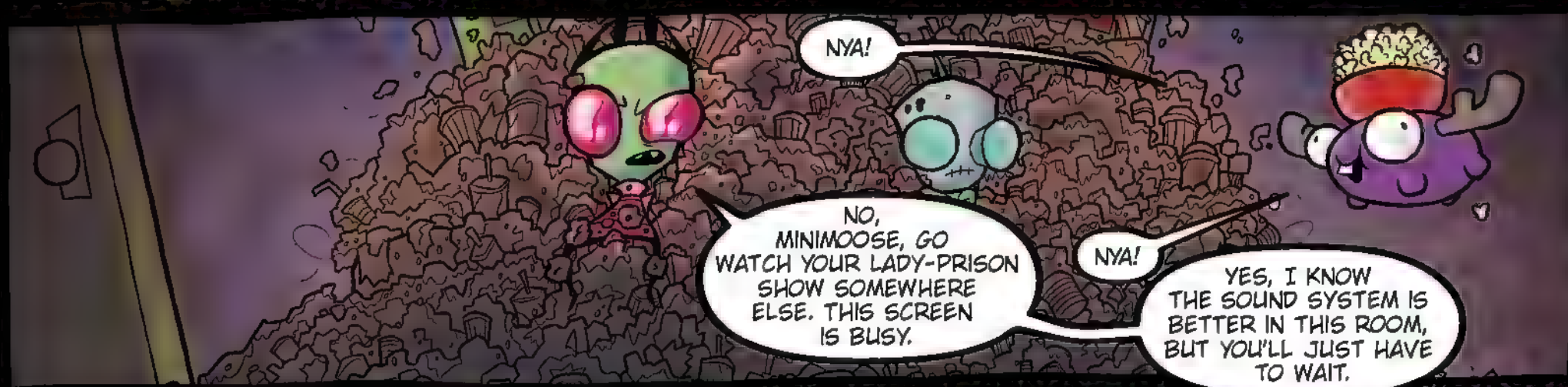
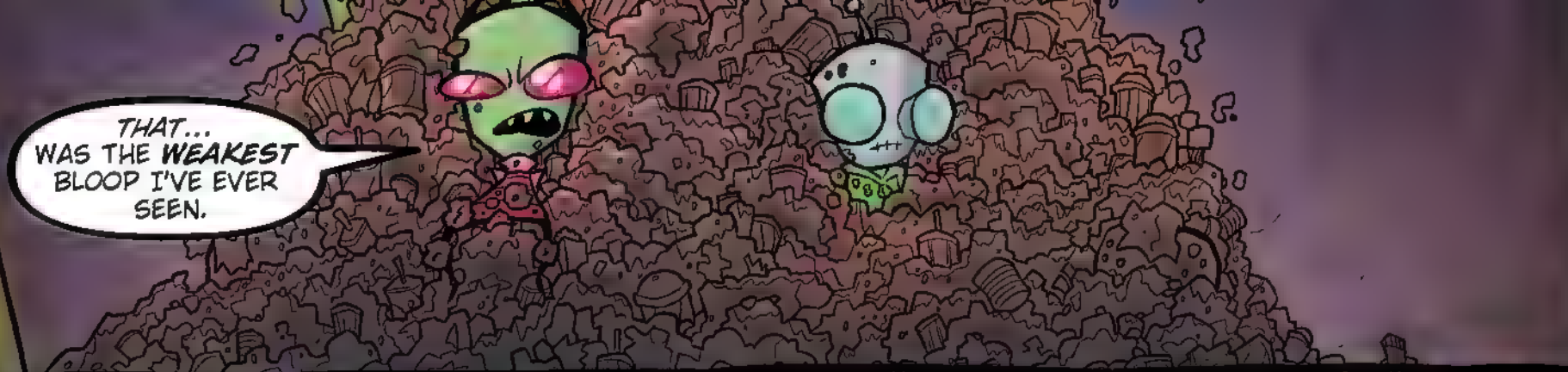
ONE YEAR LATER



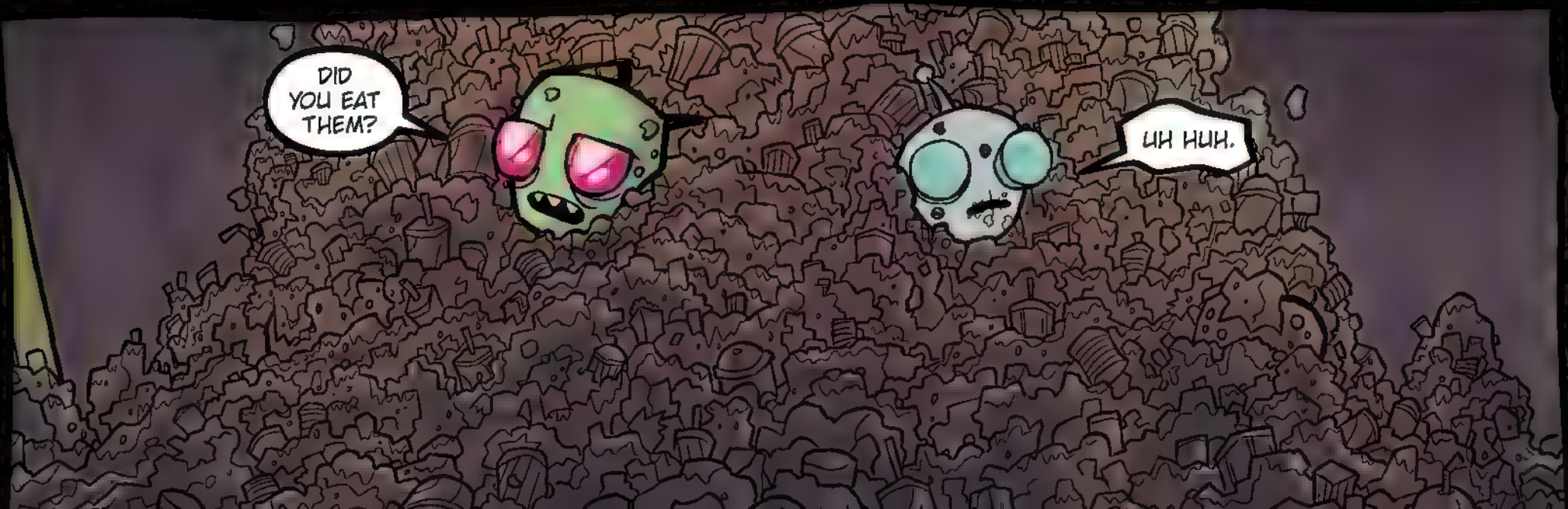
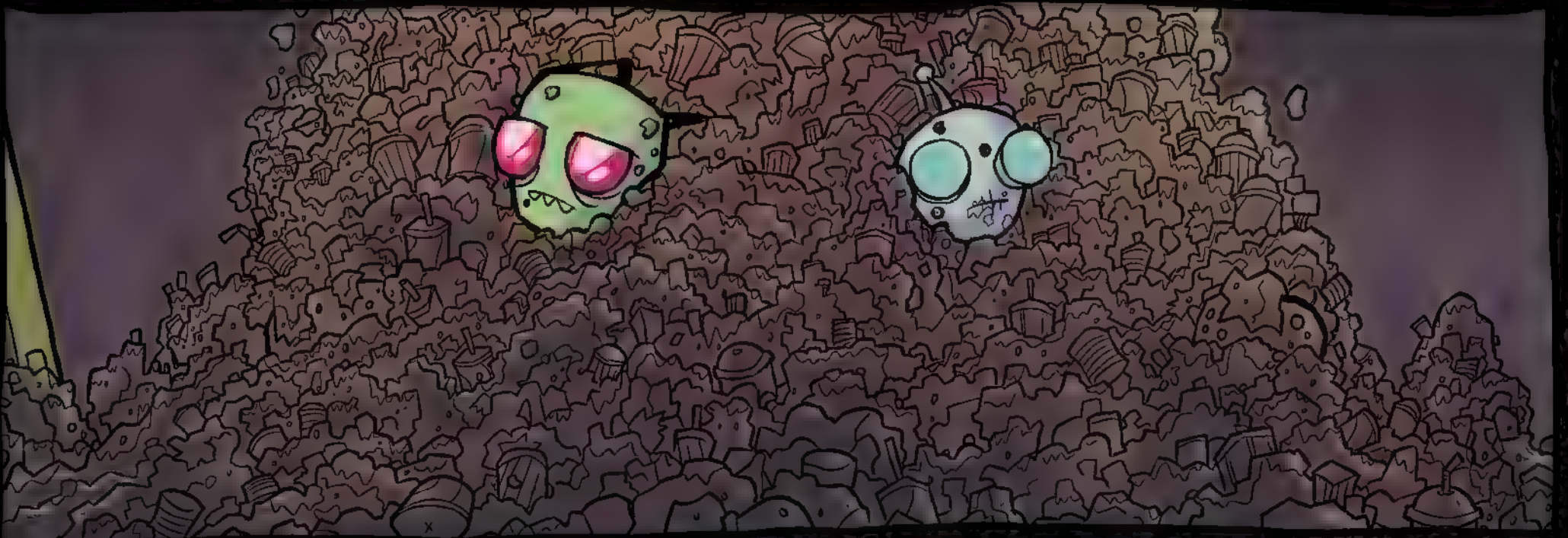
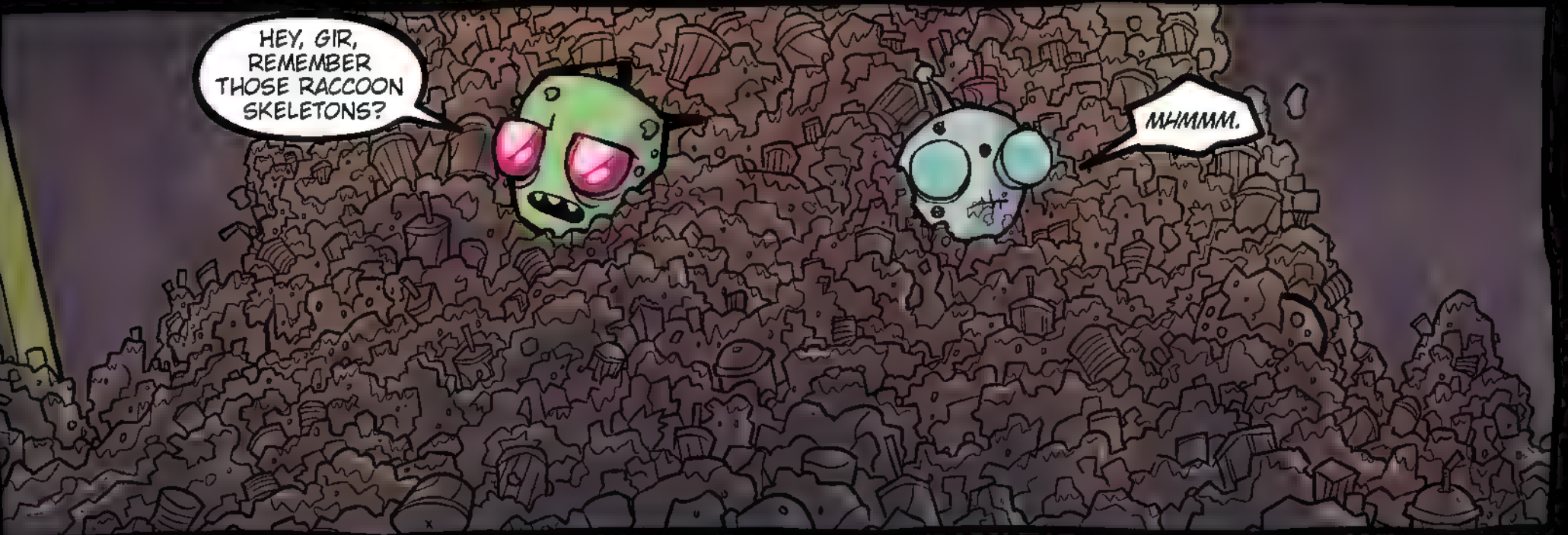
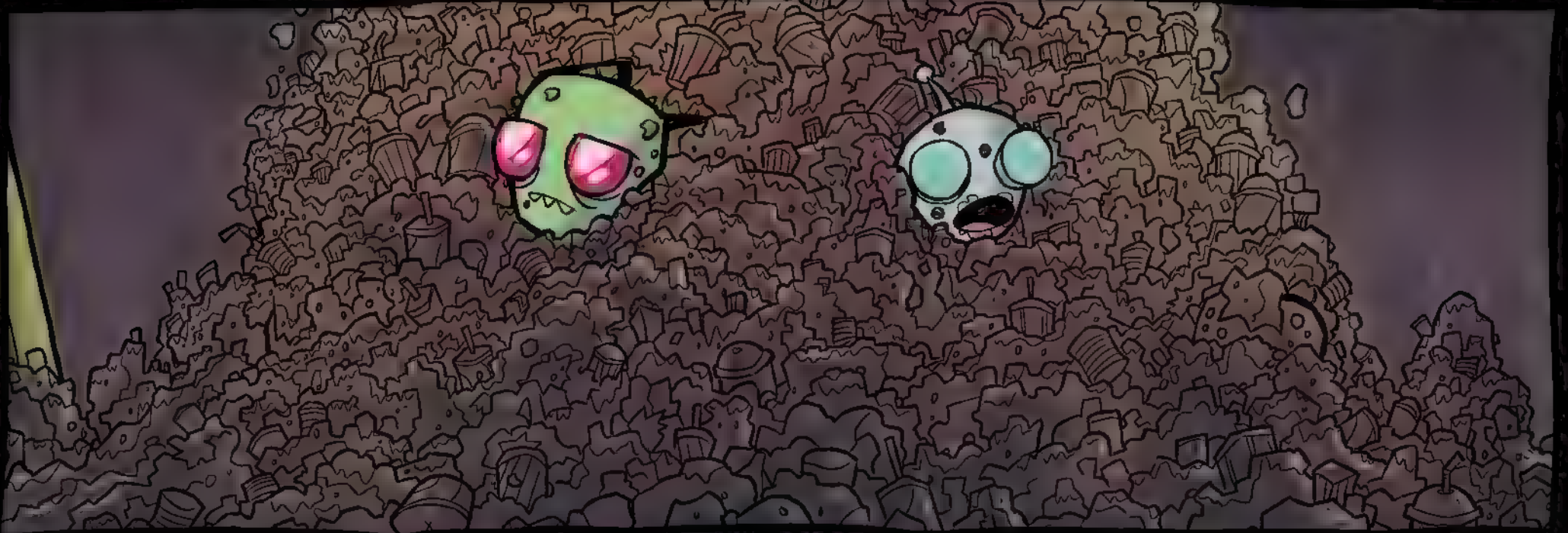


ONE WEEK LATER

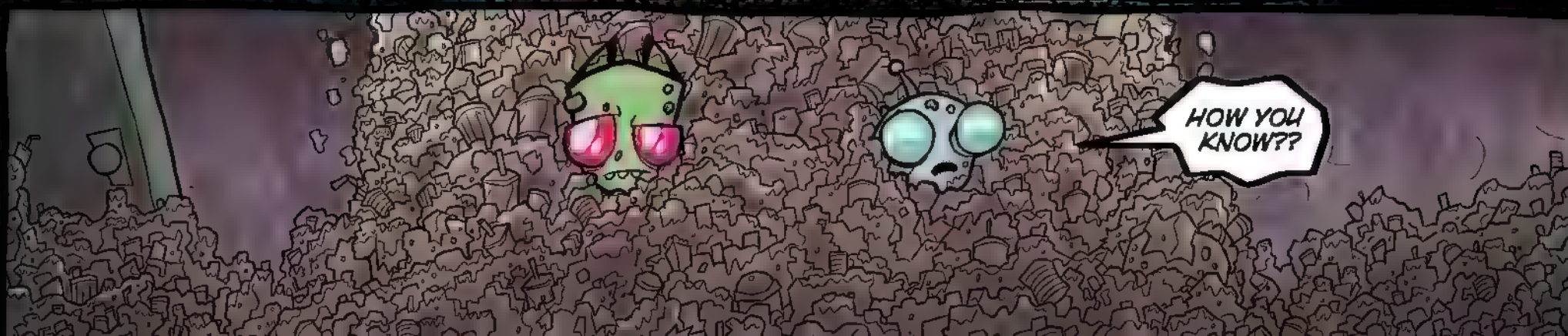
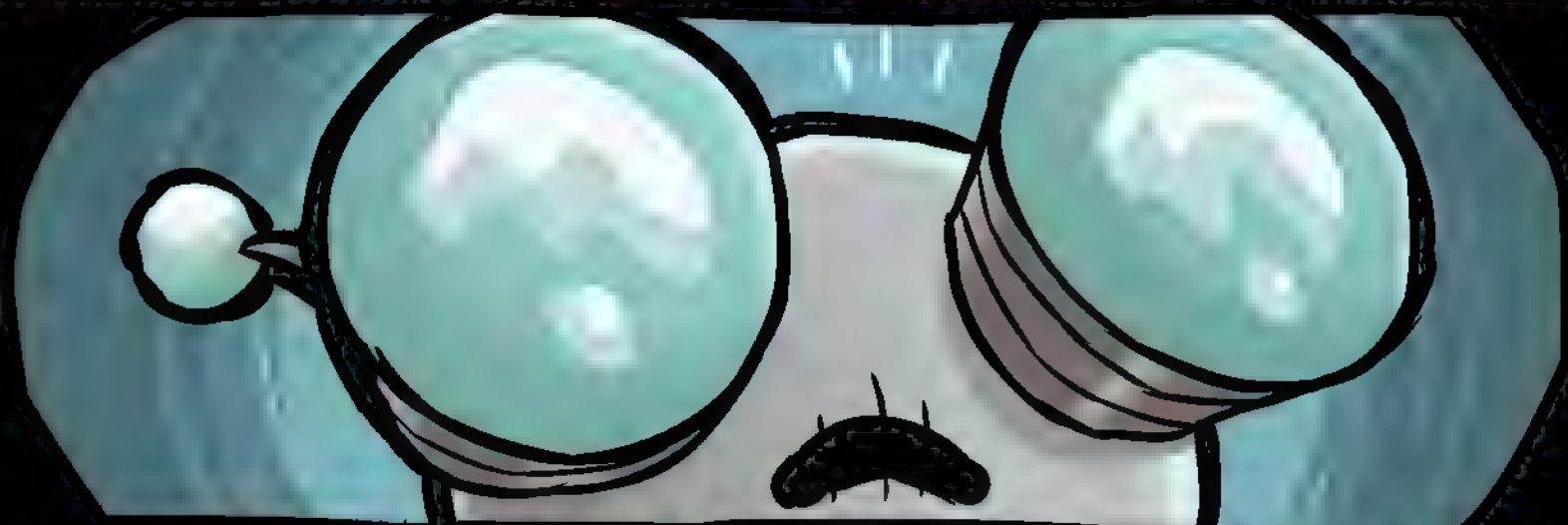
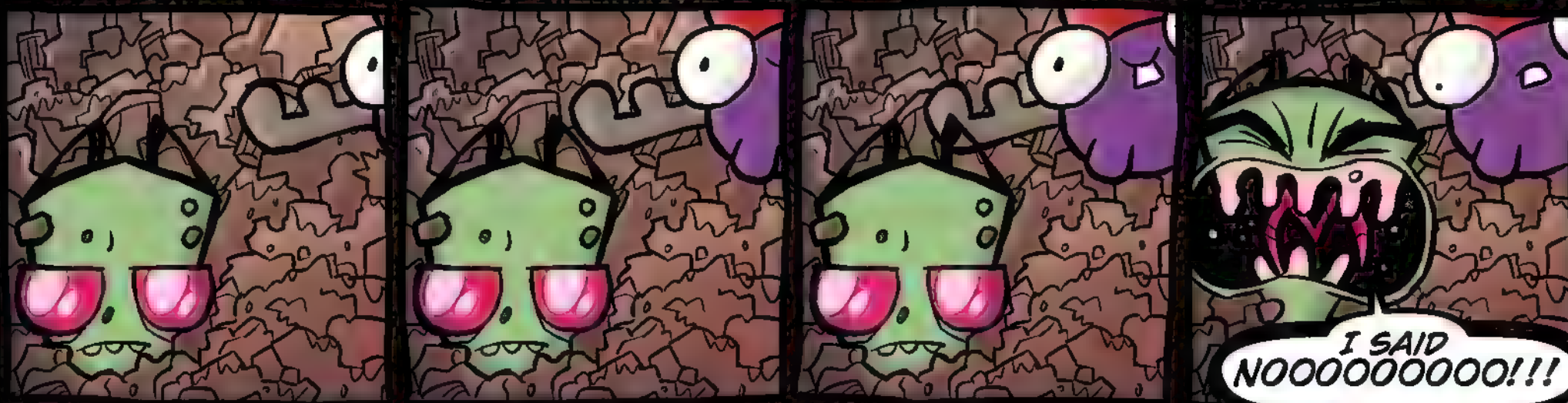
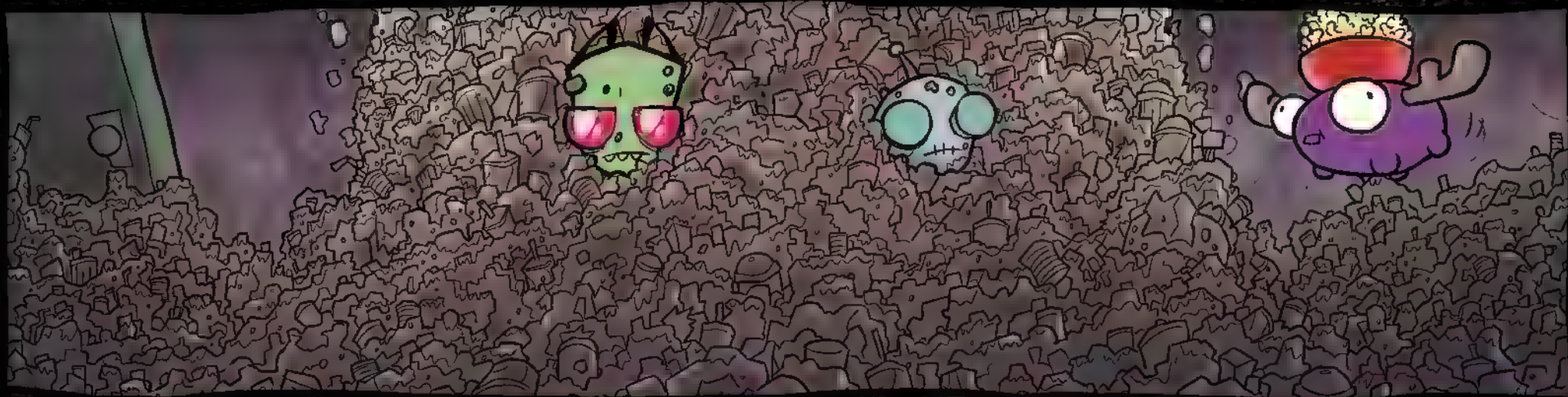




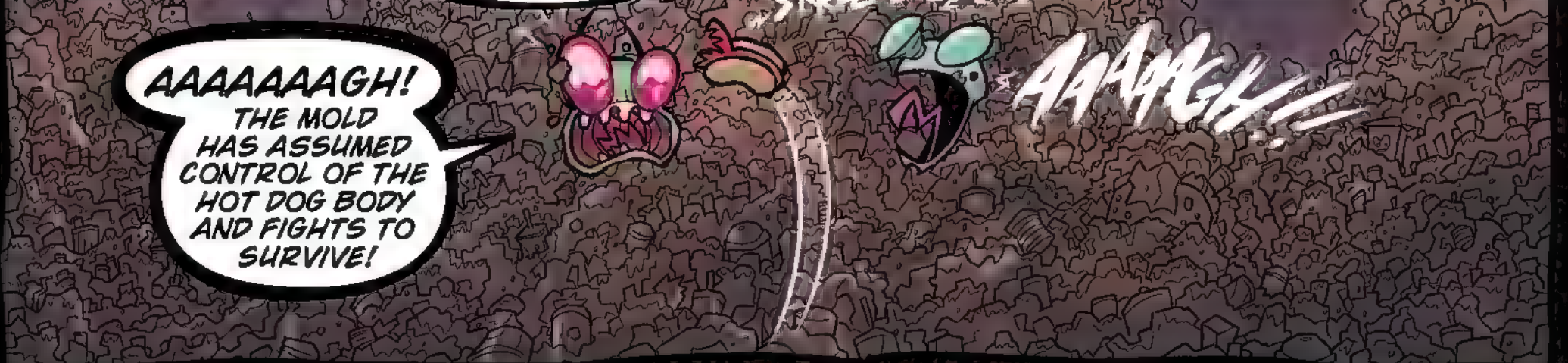
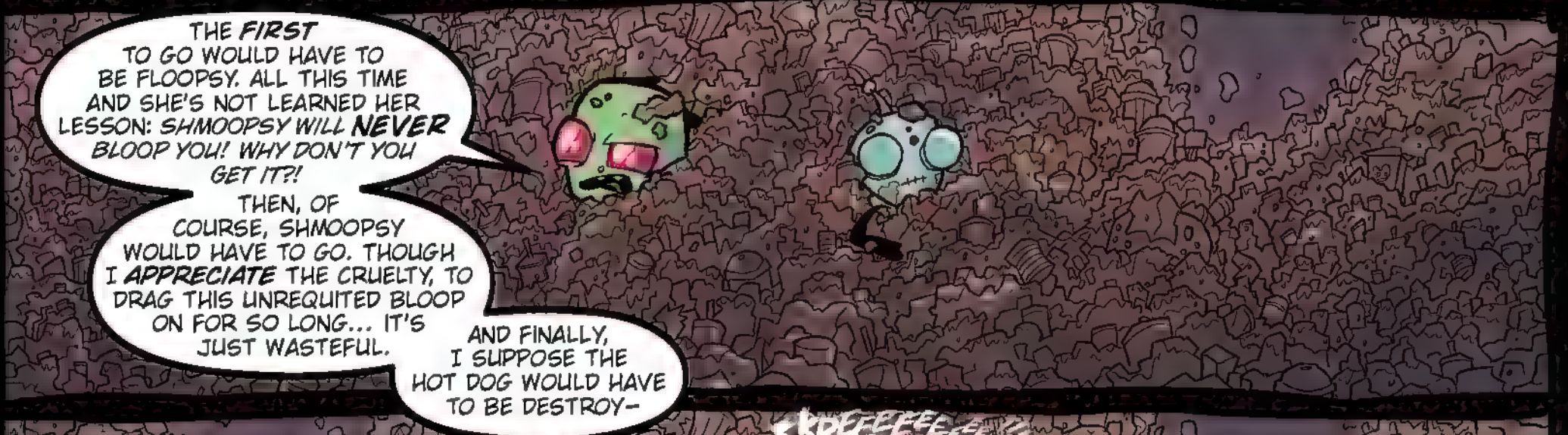
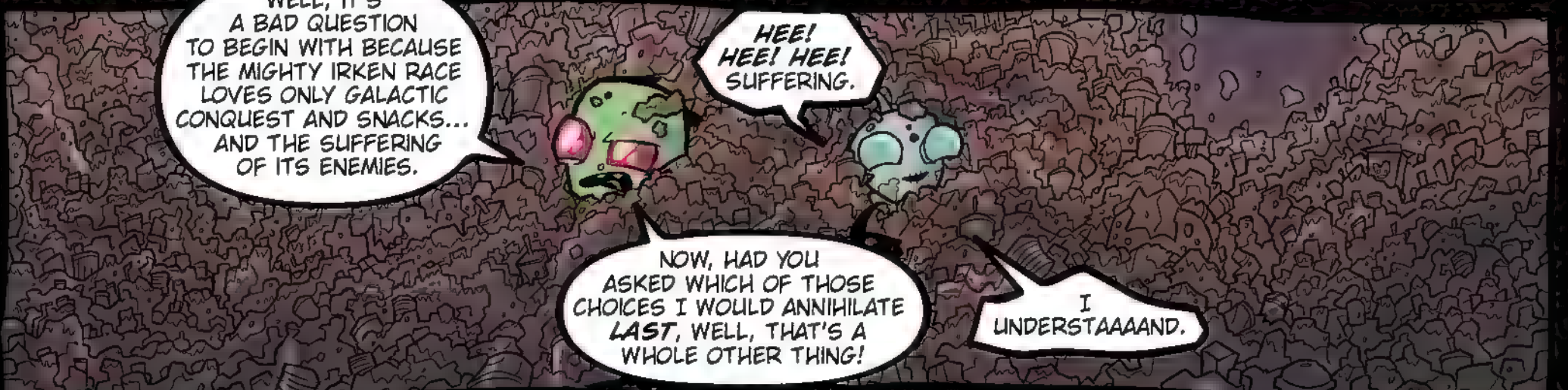
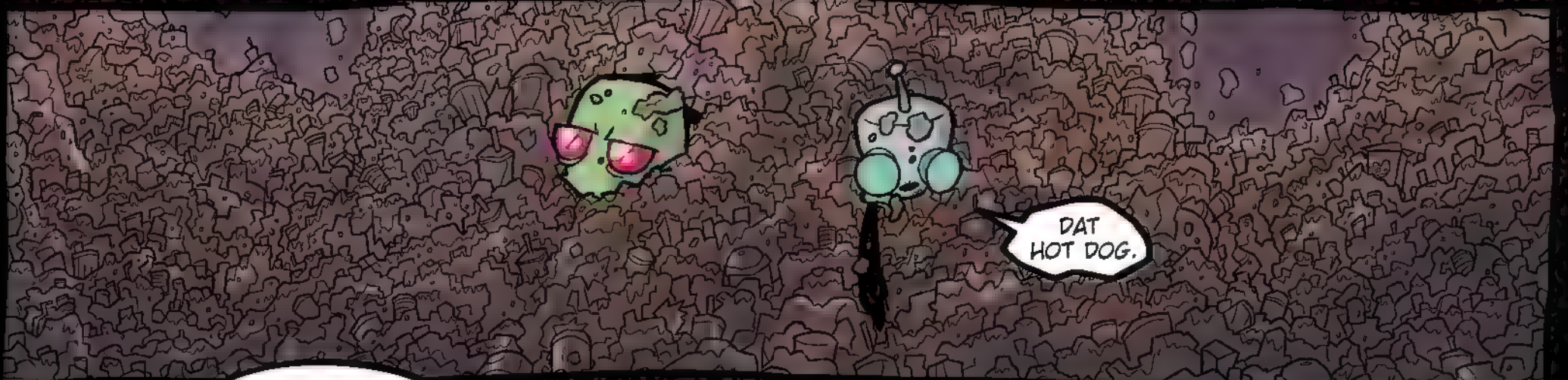
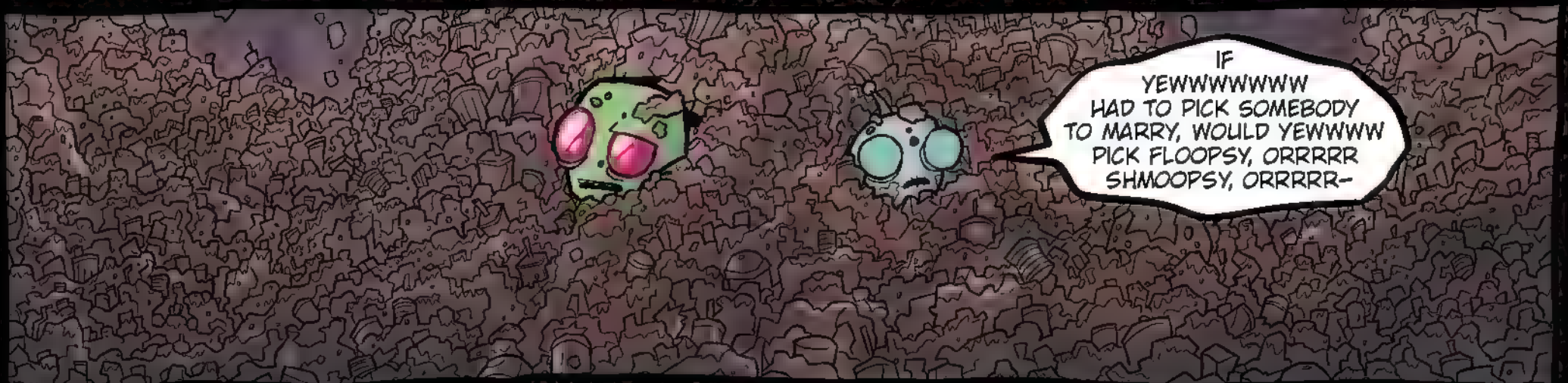
SIX MONTHS LATER



SIX MORE MONTHS LATER



TIME TIME TIME TIME TIME





MORE TIME LATER



I'M SO HAPPY I COULD HELP REBUILD YOUR WORLD, EVERYONE. I'VE HAD A LOT OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT, WELL, LIFE AND EVERYTHING, AND I FEEL JUST TERRIBLE FOR BEING SO FOCUSED ON DESTRUCTION AND—

WE'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!



I'M JUST KIDDIN'! YOU'RE THE BEST!

WE LOVE YOU, BIG GUY!



HAHAH! THANKS, TYRESE!



WELL, I'M OFF TO SPACE IN SEARCH OF MORE PEOPLE TO HELP. GOODBYE!



AAAAAND
DONE! THAT'S
TIME I'M NEVER GETTING
BACK. IT'S AS I SAID, GIR-
EARTH CARTOONS ARE
THE WORST!

AH SPOZE
500000000.

NOW, I
SUPPOSE I SHOULD
GET OUT THERE AND
RELIEVE THE CONQUER-BLOB
OF HIS DUTY AND CLAIM
THE EARTH AS MY
OWN, HUH?

EH? WHERE
IS MY CONQUERED
WORLD, MY HUMAN
SLAVES?! THIS WON'T
DO AT ALL! MY BLOB
HAS FAILED
MEEEEEE!!

OOOOOOH!
IT'S SO PRETTY
OUTSIDE!

YESSSS...

IT'S
DISGUSTING.

SLAM

END

CREATORS

JHONEN VASQUEZ

is a writer and artist who walks in many worlds, not unlike Blade, only without having to drink blood-serum to survive the curse that is also his greatest power (still talking about Blade here). He's worked in comics and animation and is the creator of *Invader ZIM*, a fact that haunts him to this day.

ERIC TRUEHEART

was one of the original writers on the *Invader ZIM* television series back when there was a thing called "television." Since then, he's made a living writing moderately-inappropriate things for people who make entertainment for children, including Dreamworks Animation, Cartoon Network, Disney TV, PBS, Hasbro and others. Upon reading this list, he now thinks he maybe should have become a dentist, and he hates teeth.

AARON ALEXOVICH'S

first professional art job was drawing deformed children for Nickelodeon's *Invader ZIM*. Since then, he's been deforming children for various animation and comic projects, including *Avatar: The Last Airbender*, *Randy Cunningham: 9th Grade Ninja*, *Disney's Haunted Mansion*, *Fables*, *Kimmie66*, *ELDRITCH!* (with art by Drew Rausch) and three volumes of his own beloved horror/comedy witch comic dealie, *Serenity Rose*.

MEGAN LAWTON

is a huge bro type trapped in the body of a small art school goth. She is also a storyboard and comic artist fresh out of college, ready to fight everyone and everything in the world with her bear hands. Following her BFA in Illustration from San Jose State, she went through story internships at both Pixar and Blue Sky Studios. She probably works too much, but she parties hard enough to make up for it. Megan likes sharks, monsters, and making people uncomfortable with her relentless use of puns.

RIKKI SIMONS

colored some bits of this comic you are holding. He colored a whole bunch of the *Invader ZIM* TV series too. He was also the voice of GIR and Bloaty the Pig. He makes his own comics too, like *Ranklechick* and *Rhumbaghost*, and with his wife Tavisha he makes *The Trinkkits*, *ShutterBox*, *Super Information Hijinks: Reality Check!* and *@Tavicat* (you can find all these at tavicat.com). Rikki's hobbies include passive aggressive gardening, smiling at ducks, writing love letters to Monty Python, and trying to start a new Surrealist movement by arguing with a potato.



J.R. GOLDBERG

is a visual designer and illustrator who has worked in comics and animation. Not only is she responsible for making sure your eyes love the colors on the *Invader ZIM* pages, but she is responsible for all color in reality. If you see in color, thank J.R. for allowing this. Thank you, J.R. Goldberg. Thank you. She currently works and lives inside the color turquoise.

WARREN WUCINICH

is an illustrator, colorist and part-time carny currently living in Durham, NC. When not making comics, he can usually be found watching old *Twilight Zone* episodes and eating large amounts of pie.

DAVE CROSLAND

was born in Buffalo, NY and fought his way through the baneful hordes to adulthood in Los Angeles, CA. He's created art for comics, cartoons, concert posters, video games and more. Along with *Invader ZIM*, his memorable projects include *Randy Cunningham: 9th Grade Ninja*, *Scarface: Scarred for Life*, *Everybody's DEAD*, *Yo Gabba Gabba* and his autobio comic *EGO REHAB*. When he isn't drinking rum from the skulls of his foes, Dave can be found hoarding pets and eating all your peanut butter.

FRED C. STRESING

is a colorist, artist, writer, and letterer for a variety of comics. You may recognize his work from *Invader ZIM*, the comic you are holding. He has been making comics his whole life, from the age of six. He has gotten much better since then. He currently resides in Savannah, Georgia with his wife and two cats. He doesn't know how the cats got there, they are not his.



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